OUELLA PARSONS: Hollywood's Problem Lovers

modern screen

AMERICA'S GREATEST MOVIE MAGAZINE

April 20¢

BETTY GRABLE

EXCLUSIVE: How the Harry James' live

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"out of the shadows"

–how it brings New Loveliness to light!



MRS. KEITH E. MULLENGER, this stunning Camay bride, confesses: "I'd be lost without Camay! When I changed to regular care and Camay, I had a brighter, clearer complexion right away!"

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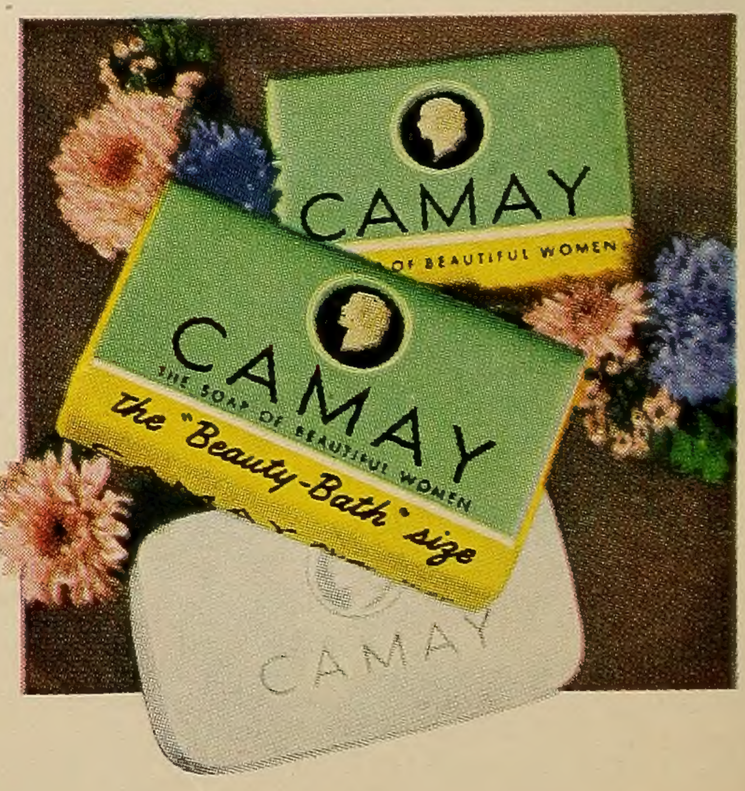
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Don't let *your* beauty be obscured by shadows. With Camay, you can take your skin "out of the shadows" and into the light of new loveliness. Change to regular care—use Camay alone—and a fresher, brighter complexion will be revealed . . . before your very *first cake* of Camay is gone!

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The daily Camay Beauty Bath wakes the sleeping beauty of your arms and legs and shoulders! It touches you with Camay's flattering fragrance. For more lather, more luxury, more economy, always use big, Beauty-Bath size Camay!





Camay *the soap of beautiful women*

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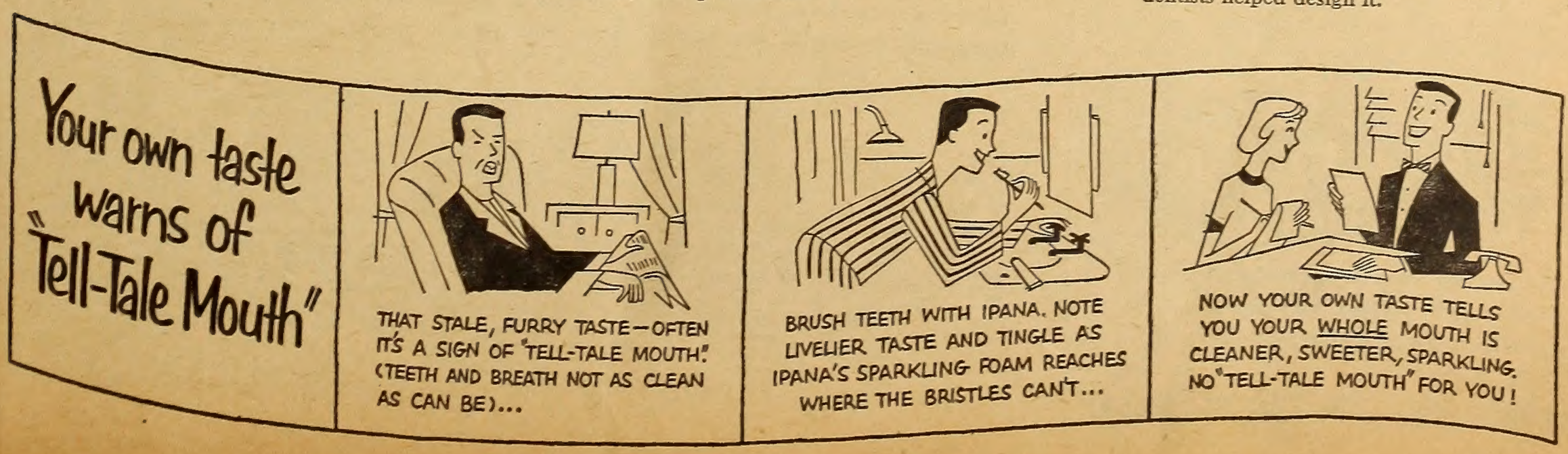
And don't forget your gums! Brushing teeth from gum margins toward biting edges lets Ipana's *active* cleansing foam help *remove* irritants that can lead to gum troubles!

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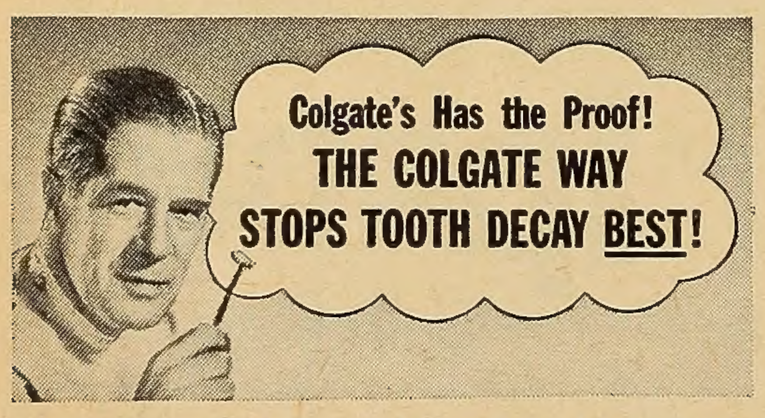
***SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!**



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No other Toothpaste or Powder OF ANY KIND WHATSOEVER Offers Such Conclusive Proof!

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APRIL, 1952 AMERICA'S GREATEST MOVIE MAGAZINE

modern screen

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Other picture credits on page 22.

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"YOU ARE MY LUCKY STAR"
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"ALL I DO IS DREAM OF YOU"
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"WOULD YOU?"
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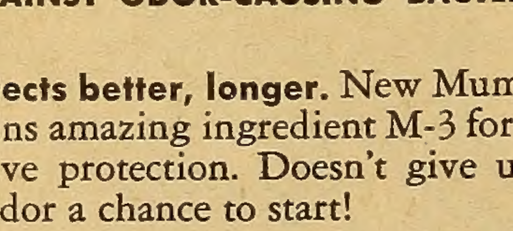
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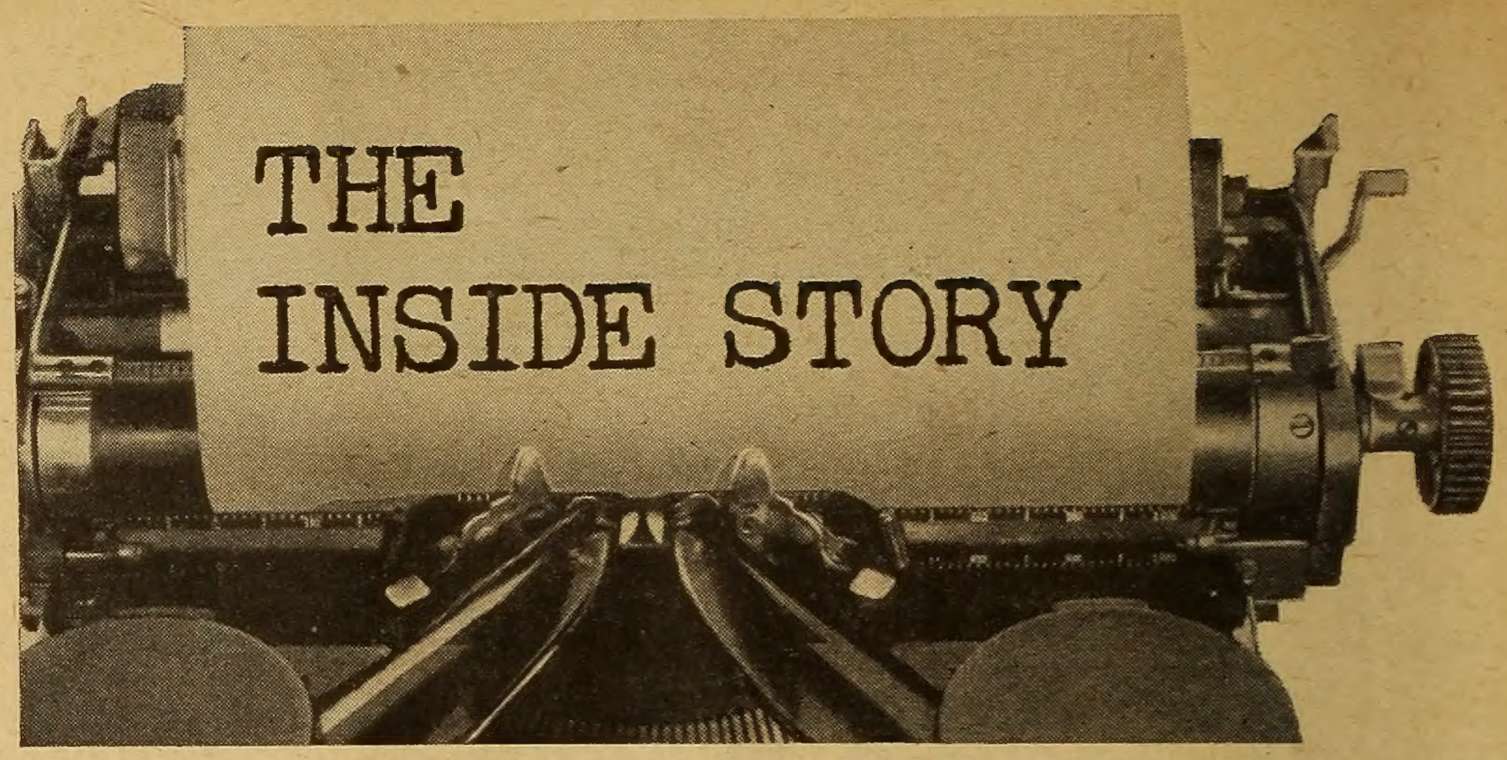
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Here's the truth about the stars—as you asked for it. Want to spike more rumors? Want more facts? Write to THE INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, 1046 N. Carol Drive, Hollywood, Cal.

Q. Is it true that MGM threatened to sue June Allyson before she would star in her last picture, *Girl In White?* What is June's real name, and where was she born? —B. T., New York, N. Y.

A. *MGM did threaten to sue Allyson for $280,000. Her real name is Ella Geisman. She was born in the Bronx, New York.*

Q. Did June Allyson really play the piano in *Too Young To Kiss?* If not, who did?—K. C., New Canaan, Conn.

A. *Miss Allyson played the piano herself. She plays fairly well and after a week of concentrated coaching was able to perform the stint.*

Q. I've been told that Mario Lanza, Gene Kelly, and several other Hollywood stars plan to spend the next 18 months or so in Europe. Why is this? Don't they like the U. S. A.?
—D. O., Philadelphia, Pa.

A. *According to a new Federal law, U. S. citizens who reside outside of the country for a minimum of 17 months do not have to pay income tax. Lanza and Kelly both love the U. S., but they'd like to save a little money for their old age.*

Q. Why did Warner Brothers cancel Joan Crawford's contract?
—B. O., Miami, Fla.

A. *The contract was cancelled by mutual consent. Miss Crawford's pictures haven't been making very much money lately. Warner Brothers paid Miss Crawford $200,000 for the cancellation. She gets $50,000 a year for the next four years.*

Q. What are the real names of Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis, and who really runs the act? —D. L., Akron, Ohio

A. *Dino Crosetti and Jerome Levitch. Lewis runs the act.*

Q. I understand that Stewart Granger fights with nearly all of his directors. Is this true? —C. C., London, Eng.

A. *Granger is one of the toughest actors in the business to direct. He argues vehemently with many of his directors. He feels his suggestions will help make the movie a better production.*

Q. Does June Haver wear a bra? If so, what size? —J. K., Peoria, Ill.

A. *Yes, size 36.*

Q. Is Jimmy Stewart a millionaire?
—W. N., Fort Wayne, Ind.

A. *Yes.*

Q. How long have the Gene Nelsons been married, and was their second child a boy or a girl?
—E. R., Rochester, N. Y.

A. *The Nelsons have been married ten years, have one boy, Christopher, four, lost a second son in premature birth.*

Q. Isn't the Gregory Peck marriage on the rocks? —B. S., Butte, Mont.

A. *Not now—it's just rough going.*

Q. Has Paramount offered Margaret Truman half-a-million dollars to sign a contract? —C. C., Washington, D. C.

A. *No! Miss Truman has been offered $100,000 for one picture.*

Q. Isn't Elizabeth Taylor having contract trouble with her studio and personal trouble with her parents?
A. H., Santa Fe, N. M.

A. *Yes, but she's determined to live her own life, solve her own problems.*

Q. Who is the most charitable actor in Hollywood?—T. W., Kansas City, Mo.

A. *There are so many it's hard to name all, but Red Skelton, for one, is up on top.*

Q. Why doesn't John Wayne pose for pictures with his four children?
—O. D., Pennsville, N. J.

A. *He does.*

Q. I understand that Betty Hutton isn't very popular with her fellow employees at Paramount. Is this true? If so, why?
—A. G., Minneapolis, Minn.

A. *It's true. Miss Hutton is incredibly ambitious, constantly driving, has never let anyone or anything stand in her way.*

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THE "NEW" SHELLEY WINTERS PULLS A GARBO . . . HAS DEBBIE REYNOLDS FOUND

LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS





Nebraska's Governor Peterson inducts MGM's Howard Keel, Monica Lewis, Debbie Reynolds and Keenan Wynn into the "Nebraska Navy" after their recent Omaha hospital tour.

At the time that the John Waynes were having trouble a few weeks ago, John very gallantly took all the blame. But those close to the situation feel that Esperanza's continued bad health had something to do with the separation.

The story of the rift broke at a time when both the Waynes were in the hospital. She is in a Los Angeles hospital suffering with flu; John at Scripps Clinic getting a check-up.

As I write this the Waynes are on the verge of a reconciliaton, and perhaps the realization that they were so close to the divorce court may have cleared the air between them. John feels he left his wife too much alone and that is why she consulted Jerry Giesler about a divorce.

But on his side it can be said that he frequently wanted to take her on his long location trips, but she was ill, and too often in the hospials of her native country, Mexico. Just how it will all end I don't know, but I do know John is trying hard to talk his wife out of a divorce.

Although Piper Laurie still wears the ring young Universal-International executive, Charlie Simonelli, flew out from New York to put on her finger—methinks the romance is cooling.

The unhappy part is that the youngsters are still in love. But their religious beliefs are different and in their particular case this is becoming more and more of an insurmountable obstacle.

Piper and the good-looking Italian boy, who manages the New York publicity office of U-I, have decided to give themselves a year to see if their problem will solve itself.

They still talk over the telephone several times a week—Charlie sends her lovely gifts (the latest being a valuable camera)—but Piper, at this writing, is still thinking it over.

Who's Wooin' (subject to change without notice): That cute little Debbie Reynolds and Bob Wagner are getting serious. Most of Debbie's romances in the past have been along puppy-love lines—but this is different with a big D.

Carleton Carpenter's heartthrob seems to be Barbara Ruick, blonde starlet at 20th. They date several times a week and usually wind up at a favorite spot with Carleton at the piano and Barbara singing and dancing. Carleton's settling down to a steady girl is sure to upset the teen-agers who are real "gone" on him.

Kirk Douglas has it so bad for Elizabeth Threatt that he took her to the luncheon hosted in his honor by the New York models who hopefully (looks like *hopelessly*) voted him "the most eligible bachelor of the year."

Nancy Sinatra steps out now and then with good looking director Freddie De Cordova.

Nancy Davis and Ronald Reagan are so steady they even read newspapers over cafe dinner tables. These two are so companionable and contented together they will surprise the whole town if they don't marry.

Gene Tierney's suit for divorce didn't come as any great surprise to any of us. For months there have been whispers that she and Oleg Cassini, the dress designer, were not getting along. Gene is very close-mouthed where her personal life is concerned. I believe she talked with me as freely as she intends to talk to anyone.

"It's hard for any marriage to survive when two people are separated as much as Oleg and I. When I went to Europe last summer, he promised to fly over. He didn't. When I went to South America to make *Way Of A Gaucho* he said he would fly there to be with little Tina and me. He did not.

"We have not been together more than three times in a year. That is an impossible situation!"

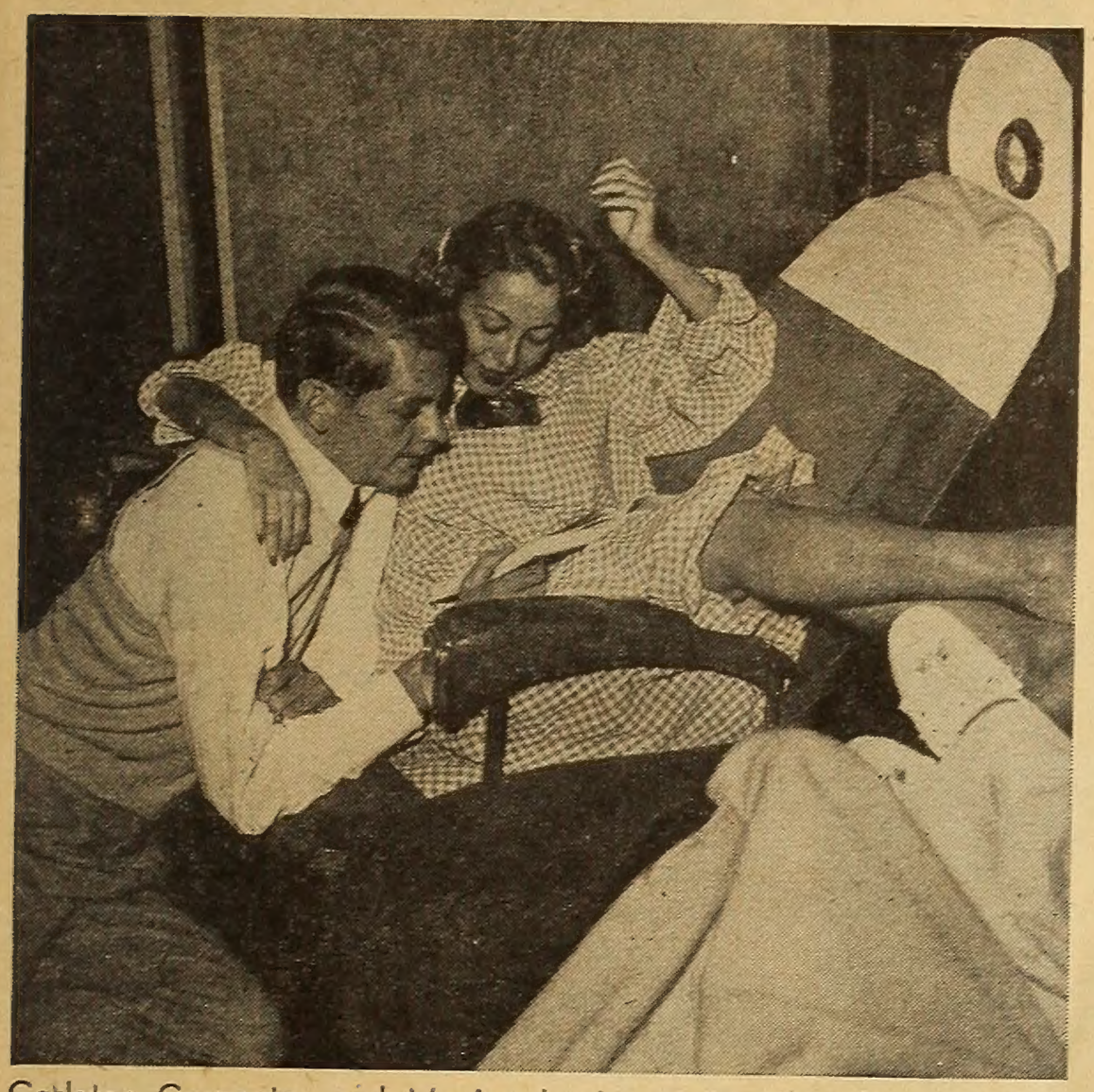
Gene, who outwardly seems so cool and poised, is far more broken up over the end of her marriage than you might expect from such a self-sufficient girl.

This is the second time Gene has sued Cassini for divorce. Several years ago she filed, and then they secretly reconciled and Gene bore Oleg another daughter, little Tina, who is a beauty. Gene adores the child and is seldom away from her. Their other child, eight-year-old Daria, is ill and has been for many years.

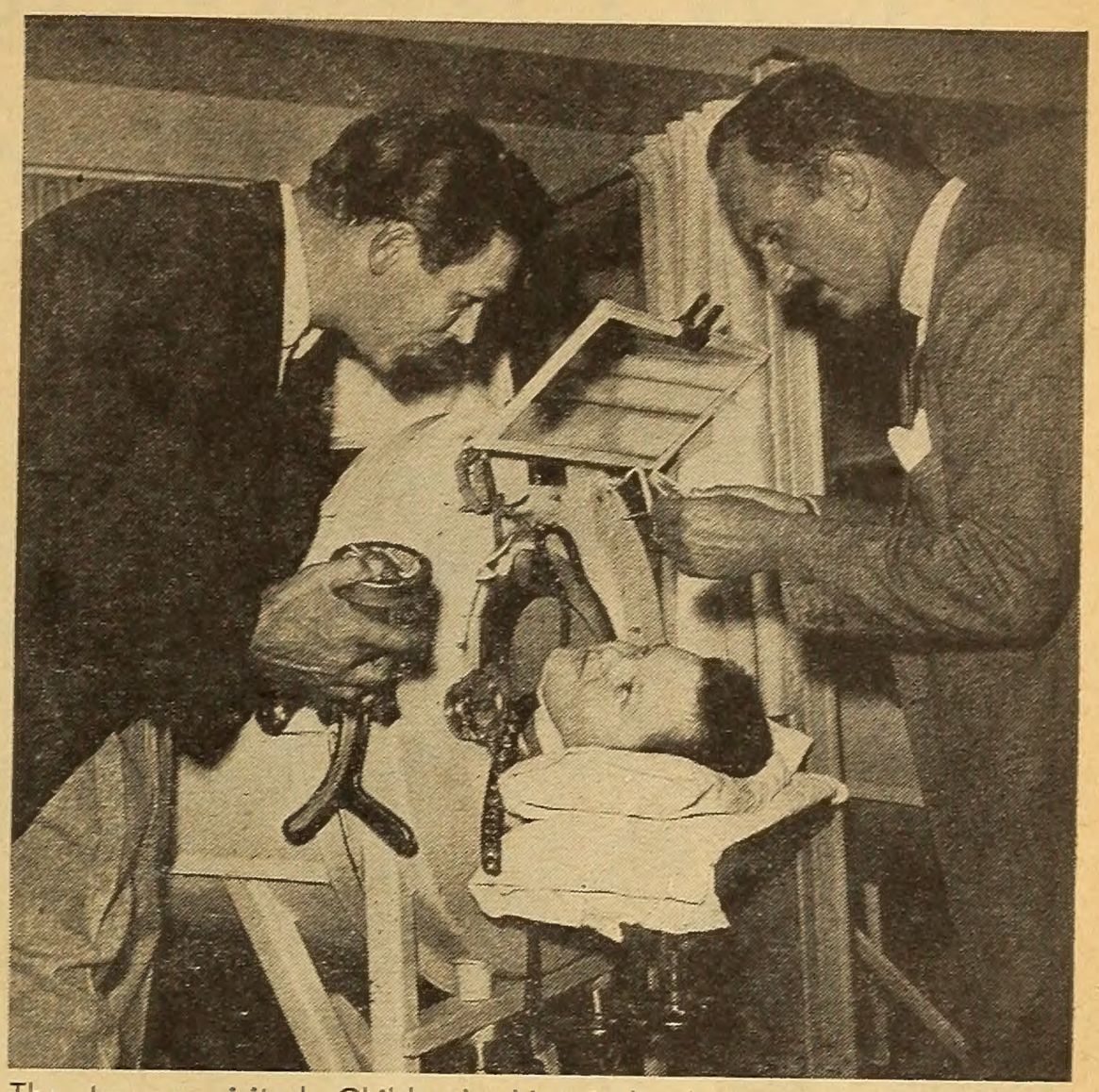
But Tina has been to Europe with Gene and to South America. She is a gay, happy laughing little girl who has the same type of beauty that makes little Liza Minnelli, Judy Garland's daughter, such a very special child.

Now that her marriage has failed, Gene told me she is going to Paris to live. She definitely wants to get away from it all—but time, I think, will change her mind. If there's one thing you cannot do—it's to run away from

LOVE? . . . HAS JOHN WAYNE LOST IT? . . . GEARY AND JANIE STEFFAN BECOME LANDLORDS . . .



Carleton Carpenter and Monica Lewis get together for some last minute script studying enroute to Omaha Air Base. Other troupers were Jim Backus, Arthur Loew, Mrs. Keenan Wynn and Eileen Christie.



The troupe visited Children's Hospital where Howard Keel and Keenan Wynn stopped to chat with this young patient, who turned out to be a photography fan. Keenan admired his snapshot collection.

your troubles. They always catch up with you.

By the time you read this—Shelley Winters and Vittorio Gassman, the Italian "love of her life," will probably be married and living happily after an elopement to Mexico.

Their present plans are that Gassman will divorce his wife in Mexico City (she is the Catholic—not he). Then, he and Shelley will be immediately married.

Talk about "love" changing a girl's personality! Shelley is suddenly so subdued and so diffident.

Garbo, herself, couldn't have put on a more aloof act than Miss Winters put on at the airport after she had flown from Hollywood to Rome to meet Vittorio.

She just shook hands with her Latin beau. To reporters covering the momentous event, Shelley sighed sadly, "Please do not ask us personal questions. I am very weary." Then, slightly shrugging her shoulders this usually bombastic gal said, "There is nothing we can say."

Shelley? With nothing to say?

There was a lot of whispering going on when Gloria Grahame appeared wearing a gorgeous ring. I finally tracked her down and asked, "Where did you get that ring, girl?"

She said, "Oh, it is a Christmas present from Stanley Rubin (the director)—but we're not engaged."

Gloria, who was married to Nick Raye, and whose separations from him have been off and on events for a long time, has finally made up her mind at long last that it's *off* for good.

But the lady says she "can't be engaged because I'm not yet divorced."

She didn't, however, deny that she likes Rubin very, very much and that he is head man in her life.

Gloria's stock as an actress has zoomed overnight since she played the elephant girl in *The Greatest Show On Earth.*

Scott Brady was fit to be tied over the stories that he had given Joe Cotten such a bad beating for a scene in *The Untamed* that Joe was temporarily forced out of the picture.

Brady told me, "Everybody looks at me and says 'What do you mean—a big, brawny man like you—beating up an older man like that'?

"The truth is—and anyone on the picture will verify this—that Joe threw his spine out of place when he bent over to lace his boots—and we hadn't even had a rehearsal on the fight scenes when it happened." Okay, Scott—we'll take your word.

The mid-January floods (and I mean they *are* unusual) brought tragedy, drama, thrills and some laughs to our town. Movie folk who usually confine their conversations to themselves and their career were switched to tale after tale about "my moment in the mud" or "blocked by rocks" or some other hair-raiser.

The most tragic note was the death of handsome Gile Steele, costume designer at MGM, who had won two Academy Awards for his fine artistry. He was drowned when he was trapped in his car after a 15-foot wave of debris washed his car into a torrential ditch. The whole industry mourns the loss of this talented man.

As could be expected, Humphrey Bogart had a field day (if you can call anything so *wet* by such a term) wading in the flooded streets in front of his home helping push stalled cars and diverting traffic from the danger zones.

Glamor gal Corinne Calvet and her husband, John Bromfield, shoveled a path through four feet of mud against their front door, and stayed up half the night serving hot coffee to stranded and miserable motorists.

Jerry Lewis and Dean Martin were making night scenes on a Paramount stage and Jerry was all over the place putting buckets under places spurting water.

Much damage was done, and many people suffered real privation. Luckily, my house and street in Beverly Hills was not in the path of the raving currents and I feel such deep sympathy for those who suffered loss and discomfort.

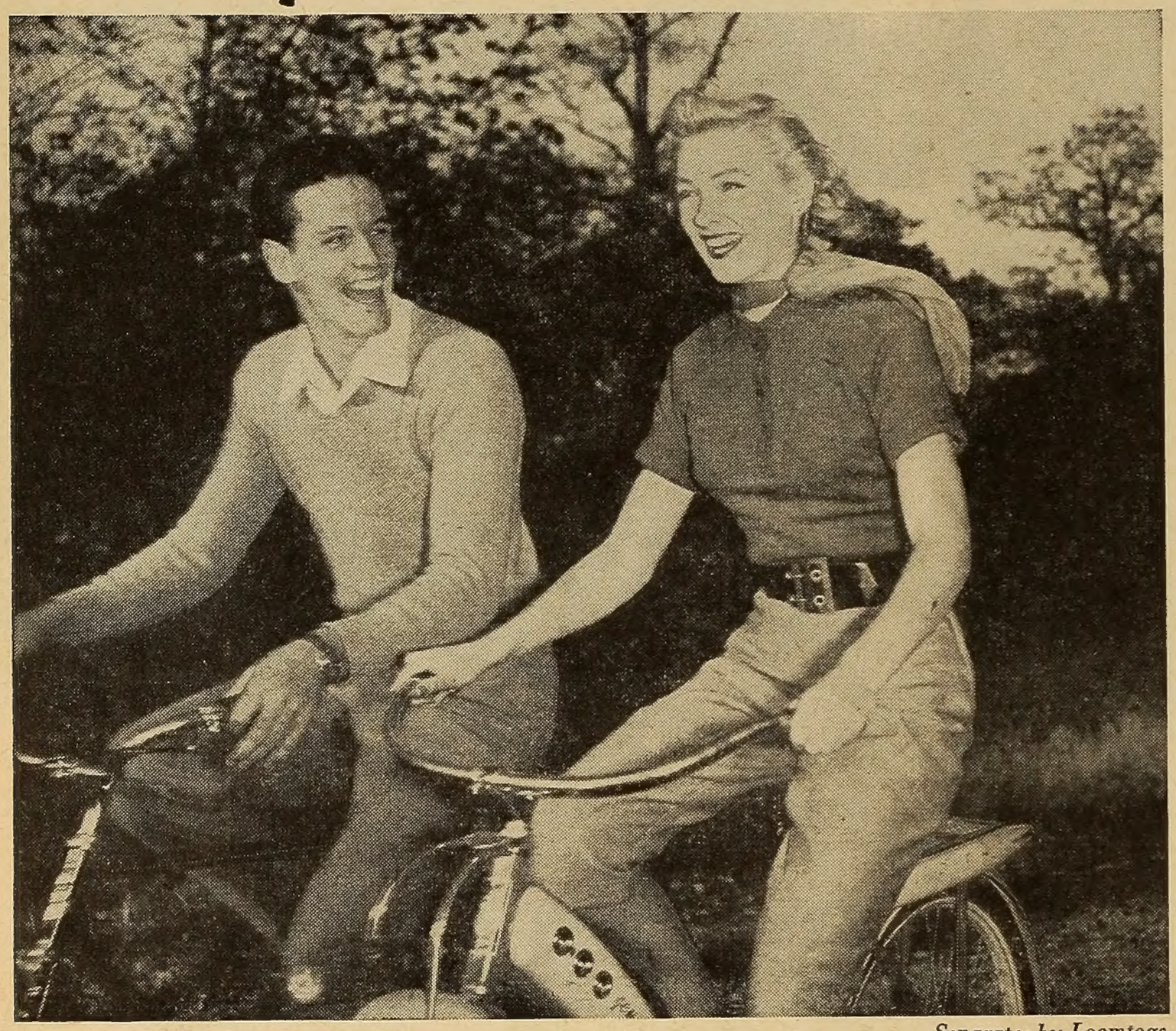
The Douglas Fairbanks, Jrs., gave one of the most charming parties of the month honoring Lord Wakehurst, Sir William and Lady Rootes and the new French consul, Count Bertrand.

Mary Lee and Douglas are such warm, cordial hosts with a gift for making all their guests feel like "guests of honor."

Walter Pidgeon, just back from the cold and storms of Iceland and Greenland, told me about the jaunt he and a troupe of entertainers had made to entertain our service men stationed in those spots. He had much to say

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LOUELLA PARSONS' good news



Betty Hutton was right on hand when Charles O'Curran's plane landed in New York. Rumor has Charles all set to be Betty's next mate.

about the courage of these men, many of them youngsters.

Irene Dunne, in a short rose-colored gown, lived up to her reputation as being one of the world's ten best-dressed women.

It's always a pleasure to see Maureen O'Sullivan Farrow—mother of seven beautiful children—looking like a debutante. This evening she looked younger and lovelier than usual in a filmy, floating white grown.

Gene Markey was my dinner partner and I so much enjoyed listening to him and Lord Wakehurst talking about Australia. Both were there during the war years and Lord Wakehurst is just back from "down under."

PERSONALITY Pointers: Ann Blyth seems to be concentrating intensely on everything said to her. Very flattering. . . . Ginger Rogers taps you lightly on the arm to emphasize a point. . . . Joan Crawford always says "Bless you" before making a departure from a friend. . . . Debbie Reynolds hums softly when she is nervous. . . . Barbara Stanwyck kicks her shoes off immediately upon entering the house and frequently does it at the most formal parties. . . . Marlon Brando bums cigarettes. . . . Jeanne Crain blushes easily turning red right up to the roots of her hair at naughty jokes or if someone compliments her beauty. . . . When Katharine Hepburn is angry she snorts—and I mean *snorts*. . . . Judy Garland cries at the drop of a hat—even when she's happy. . . . Piper Laurie has a firm, firm handshake for such a young seemingly shy girl. . . . When Zsa Zsa Gabor thinks the spotlight is turning away from her to less interesting subjects she cries out like a child, "Look at me, look at me." . . . When Jane Wyman is deeply touched she makes a wisecrack. . . . Shelley Winters tosses her head in the air when she sees someone she does not like. . . . Even when she's dressed up fit to kill, Janet Leigh curls up in a chair. . . . Tell Mario Lanza something exciting and he hits his thigh and cries, "Zeus!" . . . Spencer Tracy can't stand to be slapped on the back. . . . Susan Hayward will not gossip even when there's a good hot scandal in Hollywood. . . . Paul Douglas keeps his head down and looks up when he talks to you. These characteristics are supposed to be revealing. What do you make of 'em, you amateur psychiatrists?

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THE HAPPIEST HARVEST
O' MUSIC, ROMANCIN',
FUN 'N DANCIN' EVER!

A Perlberg-Seaton Production

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and ROBERT MERRILL

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My Beloved

Still Water

Marshmallow Moon

Why Should I Believe In Love?

I'd Like To Baby You

Life Is A Beautiful Thing

Will You Be At Home In Heaven

Step Right Up

Soda Shop

with

ADELE JERGENS · MINERVA URECAL · MARTHA STEWART

Produced by WILLIAM PERLBERG and GEORGE SEATON

Direction and Screenplay by CLAUDE BINYON

Based on the play by Walter Benjamin Hare

A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

I dreamed I led the
Easter Parade in my

*maidenform® bra

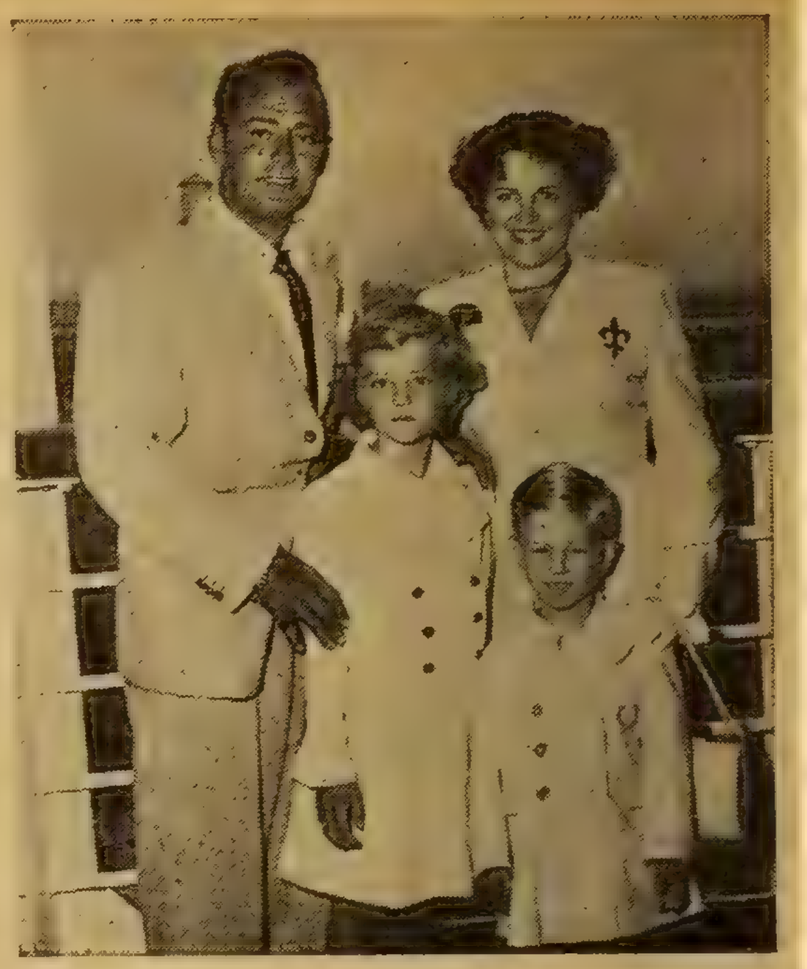
Harvey is so proud of me today... my curve-lovely
Easter outfit is giving him (and me!) a tremendous lift! Yes,
I mean my Maidenform... fitting companion to a
fashionable figure... the bra that puts my dreamy
contours liltingly, upliftedly on parade!

Maidenform's dream of a bra:
Over-ture* in white satin;
also available in nylon taffeta and
broadcloth... from 1.75
There is a *maidenform* for
every type of figure!



*REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. COSTUME: JOHN-FREDERICS

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news



Hollywood's ideal couple, Alan and Sue Ladd, recently celebrated their tenth anniversary with the help of Alana, eight, David, five.

BLESS their little home-loving hearts. When Jane Powell and Geary Steffan become landlords in March—their new apartment unit in the Valley will be completed by then—they are instigating a set of rules guaranteed to put blackhearted landlords in a new light.

First, *only* people with children can rent the apartments.

Second, all the wallpaper will be of washable materials—ditto the coverings on the furniture.

And, in the patio, will be sandboxes, seesaws and junior workout rings and bars!

THE gossips who have been chattering that all is not well betwen Rory Calhoun and Lita Baron should have seen them the night Rory flew home after seven weeks on location in South America.

The scene of the meeting was Ciro's cafe because Lita has been appearing there in an act with dancer Billy Daniel.

Rory walked in right in the middle of the act. He tried to take an inconspicuous table where he wouldn't be spotted before she finished. But Lita saw him, stopped right in the middle of a song, let out a "Whoops!" and jumped from the stage straight into Rory's arms.

THE Letter Box: Jo Ann, of Fort Wayne, Indiana, writes that a whole new generation is growing up which has not seen *Gone With The Wind*. This teen-ager says, "I've just finished reading the novel and so have many of my girl friends. We'd sure like to see the picture."

Rosalie Morabito, Philadelphia: "MODERN SCREEN is the top movie magazine on my list. But they make the same mistake you do—don't give us enough stories and gossip and chatter about Bing Crosby, the absolute *tops* man in the entertainment world." (Are you readin', Chuck Saxon?)

All the way from Calcutta, India, "Miss S. R." writes: "My ax is out for all the people who criticize Mario Lanza, that incomparable artist. So he is temperamental? That is a small price to pay for the joy he gives when he opens his mouth and sings straight from heaven! Bravo our new Caruso!"

Do something wonderful to your hair—so it shines like silk, feels soft as silk, gleams and shimmers like silk. That something wonderful is so simple—just a shampoo with today's gentle Drene. You'll see! (Sh! the secret: the cleansing agent in Drene—and only in Drene—that silkens your hair.)



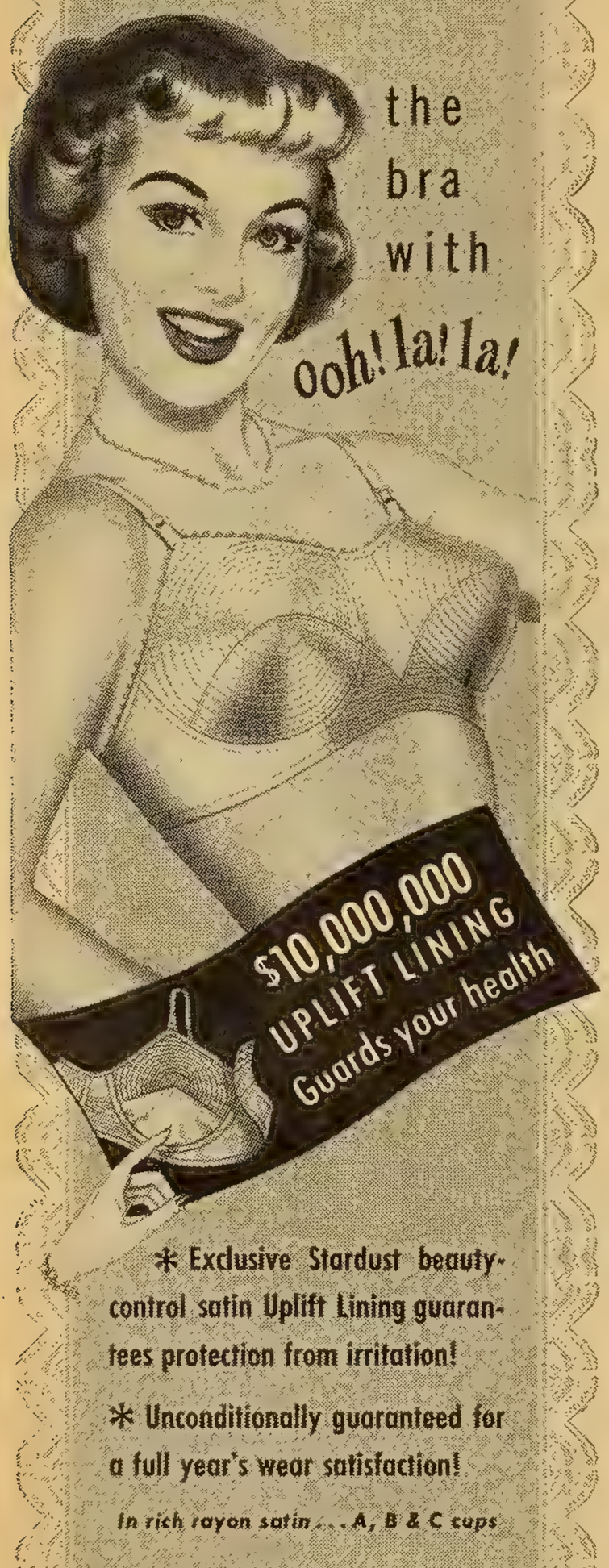


DRENE SHAMPOO

silkens your hair...as it cleanses!

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Only
Stardust
gives you this
DOUBLE GUARANTEE*



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* Unconditionally guaranteed for a full year's wear satisfaction!

In rich rayon satin . . . A, B & C cups

"the bra that made $1.00 famous"

Stardust
Life-Insured Bra
GUARANTEED FOR 1 YEAR

Ask for Stardust Slips and Panties too!
STARDUST, INC., Empire State Bldg., New York 1

SPECIAL TO MODERN SCREEN: A NEW GOSSIP COLUMN

hollywood report

by Mike Connolly

famous columnist for
The Hollywood Reporter

WHO'S MAD AT WHO:

Bing Crosby refused to make *The Road to Bali* for Paramount. The reason was simple. He told me, "It's *The Road To Zanzibar* all over again, and the fans wouldn't like a repeat, would they?" As a substitute, Bing and pal Bill Morrow submitted their own script, *The Road To The Moon.* It's about a mad scientist who whisks the Groaner and Bob Hope off into the wild blue yonder, and it has a lot of songs that rhyme moon with June. But Para couldn't see it his way. Bing again: "If the studio won't let me do my own, I won't be making movies till next fall!" . . . Anne Baxter got a parking ticket in front of Don Loper's shop. Tried to charm herself out of it but no go . . . Janis Paige plods to New York, after making some not-so-good movies, to chalk up a real triumph as a stage star in *Remains To Be Seen.* Then MGM buys her play for the screen and talks about starring Debbie Reynolds in the film version! . . . Mercury Records, boiling mad because it lost Frankie Laine to Columbia Records, is pushing a new young singer named Buddy Charles to fill Laine's shoes. Buddy is RKO producer Tom Gries' brother . . .


Bob & Bing

An interior decorator threw up his hands on re-doing the Jennifer Jones-David Selznick home, claiming he was thrown into a nervous tizzy by all the temperament.


Paige

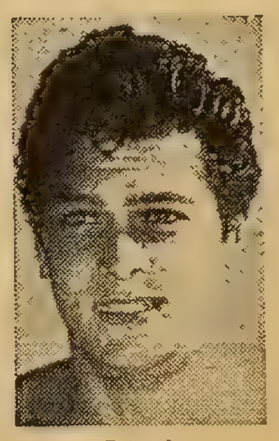
FUNNIES:

A star leaned across her table at Ciro's and let slip a real blooper while telling me all about her date: "He's very rich," she said, "and every time he phones me I get chinchillas up and down my spine!" . . . Phyllis Thaxter told me she reprimanded her little girl for using naughty language and not 10 minutes later the youngster asked her what picture she was working in. Phyllis blushed and said, *"Retreat Hell!"*

HOLLYWOOD HEARTBEATS:


Wyman

Travis Kleefeld, who used to date Irene Wrightsman, helped Jane Wyman celebrate her 38th birthday at Ciro's the night Les Paul and Mary Ford opened there, and we all turned and sang "Happy Birthday, Dear Janie" in Miss W.'s general direction. Kleefeld, now a building contractor, was playing a tuba in the Beverly Hills High School band ten years ago, when Jane was Mrs. Ronald Reagan . . . You gotta take a guy and gal's word. I saw John Payne and Lina Romay acting romantic at LaRue but both denied any big amour, although John admitted she's a "most wonderful girl." Dig that "most." Usually when I press a point the answer is just plain "wonderful girl" . . . Before she took off for Europe, a pal told Janet Leigh 'twould be cold and to take along her long woollies. Janet replied, "I've got my love to keep me warm!" . . . U-I's press agents in London told Tony Curtis to bow from the waist when he met Princess Elizabeth and Prince Phillip, but he forgot and merely gasped, "Hi!"


Curtis

Greg Bautzer gifted Ginger Rogers with a magnificent mink coat, just because she's such a sweetheart . . . Jane Nigh brought Dan Dailey a silk kimono back from her USO tour to Korea . . . Joan Crawford recommended her ex-husband, Franchot Tone, for the second male lead in her next picture, *Sudden Fear,* although he didn't get it. And Jack Palance was chosen to co-star with Miss C. when they couldn't get Jeff Chandler . . . Carleton Carpenter stepped out on Debbie Reynolds (*Continued on page 14*)

THAT WORLD-FAMOUS 'STREETCAR'!

Now! Everywhere!



A PARTIAL LIST OF THE MANY AWARDS AND MORE COMING IN ALL THE TIME!

NEW YORK FILM CRITICS AWARDS:
BEST PICTURE OF THE YEAR
BEST ACTRESS OF THE YEAR
BEST DIRECTOR OF THE YEAR

SAN FRANCISCO CRITICS COUNCIL AWARDS:
BEST PICTURE OF THE YEAR
BEST ACTRESS OF THE YEAR
BEST ACTOR OF THE YEAR

INTERNATIONAL FILM FESTIVAL AT VENICE
THE "SPECIAL AWARD" and
BEST ACTRESS AWARD

LOOK MAGAZINE AWARDS:
BEST PICTURE OF THE YEAR
BEST ACTRESS OF THE YEAR





WARNER BROS. PRESENT

"A Streetcar Named Desire"

STARRING

VIVIEN LEIGH AND MARLON BRANDO

KIM HUNTER · KARL MALDEN SCREEN PLAY BY TENNESSEE WILLIAMS

DIRECTED BY ELIA KAZAN

BASED UPON THE ORIGINAL PLAY "A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE" BY TENNESSEE WILLIAMS AS PRESENTED ON THE STAGE BY IRENE MAYER SELZNICK

From the Play that Won the Pulitzer Prize and Critics Circle Award

AN ELIA KAZAN PRODUCTION PRODUCED BY CHARLES K. FELDMAN

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WHITE RAIN TONIGHT— SUNSHINE IN YOUR HAIR TOMORROW!

fabulous NEW lotion shampoo by Toni



guaranteed*
not to dull,
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DON'T DULL your hair with soaps and hard-to-rinse creme shampoos.

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NOW PAMPER your hair with gentle WHITE RAIN.

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$1... also in 60c and 30c sizes

hollywood report

continued

with Joan Evans . . . Mrs. Loyal Davis, Nancy's mother, says it's "just Hollywood gossip" that her daughter will marry Ronnie Reagan. Says Mrs. D.: "They're just good friends and matrimony is a gross exaggeration." Does mother know best in this instance? . . . There are those who say Mike Wilding used to have a big crush on Jean Simmons before she married his pal Stewart Granger, and that's why he's enamoured now of Liz Taylor, who's a little bit like Jeannie in both looks and age . . . Incidentally, Liz wants $5,000 a week, 47 weeks a year, up quite a jump over her present $1,500 weekly, to stay under contract at MGM. She has a few more months to go on her old pact.



Simmons

LONG HUNCH DEPARTMENT:

Don't expect U-I to co-star Piper Laurie and Tony Curtis in too many more pictures after they finished *Almost Married*. These two just don't like to work together! . . . Shelley Gassman. Some name, huh? At press time, Miss Winters' Roman Romeo, Vittorio Gassman, was planning to hop to Mexico when he finishes his current film assignment in Italy, secure a quick divorce, presumably with his wife's okay, and then marry Shelley . . . Did you know Shelley was an extra in *Red River,* just a few months before she became a star in Ronald Colman's *A Double Life?* . . . *Latin Lovers,* in which Lana Turner and Fernando Lamas will re-team after *The Merry Widow,* is about a Brazilian singer discovered in a Manhattan nightclub by an heiress who makes a star out of him. Fernando sings and is from South America . . . Dale Robertson has written a screenplay about Robert E. Lee, his idol, and is twisting Darryl Zanuck's arm to let him star in it . . . Prediction: Bob Carson, Jack's brother, will go places in Filmdom. He's the ringmaster you liked in *The Greatest Show On Earth.*

Bob Taylor wasn't planning on rushing into his next marriage when this column was on its way to the printer. Bob, who has been doing the night spots solo (so loooow!), thanked me during a lunch break in the MGM commissary for not printing any of the romantic rumors a lot of other columnists have been falling for. Said Bob: "You just might turn out to be the guy Diogenes was looking for!" . . . This looks like the year that will put Taylor out in front again as the hottest male star in Hollywood. His 1952 releases include *Quo Vadis, Westward The Women* and *Ivanhoe.* Remember when Bob was fighting that "too-pretty-for-a-man" tag? . . . And Mario Lanza oughta change his tune from "The Loveliest Night of the Year" to "The Loveliest Year of My Life." He made a mint in '51, and, now that he's down to a slim 185 again, expects to repeat his boxoffice smash in '52 . . . Sue and Alan Ladd caught the photogs offguard, making one of their rare nightclub outings to catch Bill



Taylor



After a dance number, what's your next step?

☐ *Thank him and retreat* ☐ *Do a repeat*

As the music stops, 'tween numbers—maybe you're plagued by a passel of doubts. Such as—might Pete prefer the next whirl with some other girl? Should you retreat to Wallflowers' Roost? Or high-sign the stag line? 'Course not! Continue with your partner 'til a gent cuts in. If *problem-time* doubts beset you, you can vanquish them with Kotex, for those flat pressed ends rout revealing outlines. So prance through the prom undismayed!

Are you in the know?



When to tell him your dating curfew?

☐ *When starting out* ☐ *Play the waiting game*

He planned to top the evening off with a real special eat-treat. But *you're* due *home*—as of now! Why wait 'til the hours dwindle down to your dating deadline? Break the curfew news when you're starting out. Likewise, when listing sanitary needs, don't wait 'til calendar time to choose Kotex. And remember, that special *safety center* gives you *extra* protection.



Does writing letters help to improve—

☐ *Your romance* ☐ *Your chatter* ☐ *Knock-knees*

Bet this stumped you! Any hoo, you *can* whittle fat from the inner knee thusly: Lying on back with leg straight up—"write" letters of the alphabet with your big toe. Repeat with other leg. Get plumpish knees in shape for summer playtogs—and for comfort on certain days, get Kotex: the napkin that *holds* its shape. (Made to *stay* soft while you wear it!)



If you agree to go steady, should you—

☐ *Forsake all others* ☐ *Try a part-time plan*

Accepting his class ring calls for a huddle as to what going steady will mean. No other bookings? H'm-m. You may miss a lot of fun. Why not try a part-time plan—dating him week-ends and for gay-lah doings? To decide what's best for *you*—when buying Kotex, you need only try *all 3 absorbencies.* There's Regular, Junior, Super . . . suited to different days.

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins



How to prepare for "certain" days?

☐ *Circle your calendar* ☐ *Perk up your wardrobe* ☐ *Buy a new belt*

Before "that" time, be ready! All 3 answers can help. But to assure *extra comfort*, buy a new Kotex sanitary belt. Made with soft-stretch elastic—this strong, lightweight Kotex belt's non-twisting . . . non-curling. Stays flat even after many washings. *Dries* pronto! So don't wait 'til the last minute: buy a new Kotex belt *now*. Why not buy *two—for a change!*



KOTEX IS A REGISTERED TRADE MARK OF THE INTERNATIONAL CELLUCOTTON PRODUCTS COMPANY



How to LOSE Weight Without Dieting or Hunger!

● Music is one of Yvonne De Carlo's major interests. Yvonne says: "I'm grateful for what Ayds has done for my figure. It helps me to lose weight and look and feel better while I'm doing it."



● Yvonne in one of the lovely costumes she wore in a recent picture. "I have many friends—Hollywood film stars—who feel about Ayds just the way I do," says Yvonne.

Yvonne De Carlo Tells You How to Reduce!

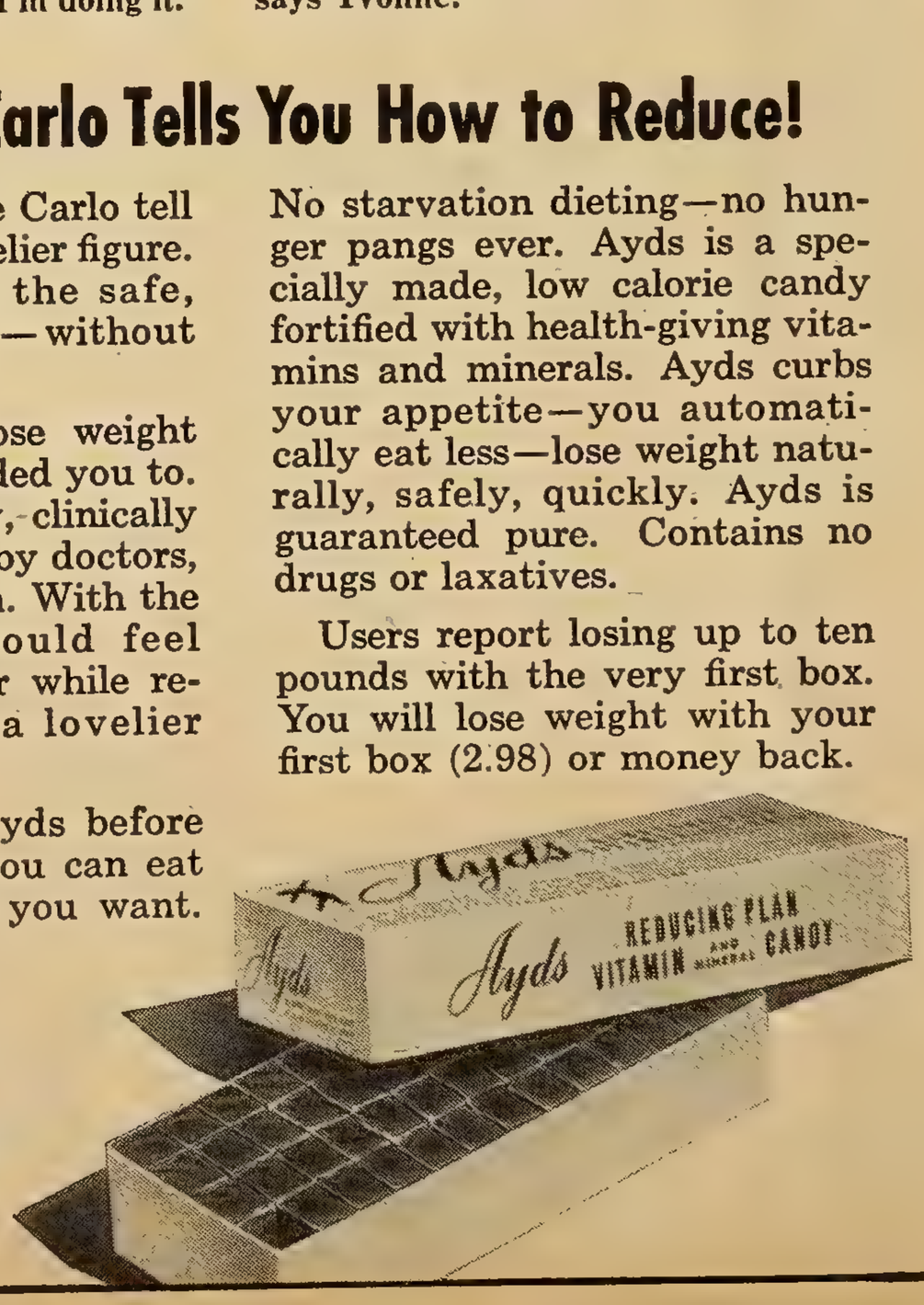
Let lovely Yvonne De Carlo tell you how to have a lovelier figure. Lose unwanted fat the safe, healthful Ayds way—without dieting or hunger.

With Ayds you lose weight the way nature intended you to. A quick, natural way, clinically tested and approved by doctors, with no risk to health. With the Ayds plan you should feel healthier, look better while reducing—and have a lovelier figure.

When you take Ayds before meals, as directed, you can eat what you want—all you want.

No starvation dieting—no hunger pangs ever. Ayds is a specially made, low calorie candy fortified with health-giving vitamins and minerals. Ayds curbs your appetite—you automatically eat less—lose weight naturally, safely, quickly. Ayds is guaranteed pure. Contains no drugs or laxatives.

Users report losing up to ten pounds with the very first box. You will lose weight with your first box (2.98) or money back.



Slim the Way the Stars Slim

hollywood report continued

MacArthur's opening at the Gala. Watch for more news about this young singer.

SEX APPEAL:

Marilyn Monroe arrived an hour early every morning for her role in *We're Not Married* at 20th. It took a half-hour to squeeze her into the tight bathing suit she wears in the picture and another half-hour to get her past the gawking soundstage crew! . . . Didja know that Marilyn was once under contract to another actor—John Carroll? He saw her playing golf and signed her right there on the fairway . . . Speaking of squeezing, it took both Helen Rose and Walter Plunkett to pour Esther Williams into the wisp she wears in *One Piece Bathing Suit*. I stood by, just in case, but everything came off okay.

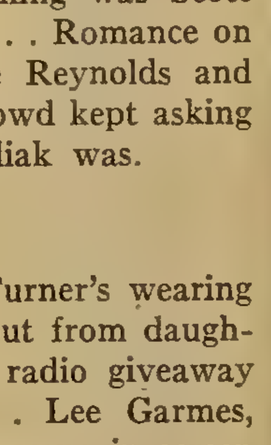


Williams

Toughest makeup job of the year: making Anne Francis unattractive for her role in 20th's *Dream Boat* . . . Is it mere coincidence that Jane Russell lives on ROUND Valley Road? . . . They're talking of releasing Marie Wilson's next picture in Bra-zil . . . Ava G. Sinatra wore a SHORT Gown to the *Pandora And The Flying Dutchman* preem. Last one she went to, a studio executive stepped on her train . . . And, in true musical comedy tradition, the dance team for the same preem's pre-screening stage show quarreled, left the theater, then kissed and made up just in time to go on! . . . Only star who dressed informally for the *Pandora* opening was Scott Brady, who wore a gray suit . . . Romance on the wing, same affair: Debbie Reynolds and Dick Anderson . . . And the crowd kept asking Anne Baxter where John Hodiak was.

ODDS BODKINS:

That new ruby ring Lana Turner's wearing is a gift, not from Fernando but from daughter Cheryl, who won it at a radio giveaway show here in Hollywood . . . Lee Garmes, who photographed the biggest scene in screen history—the battle sequence in *Gone With The Wind*—last month filmed the smallest: Susan Hayward taking a shower in the cramped confines of a house trailer bath for RKO's *This Man Is Mine*. The set measured 36 inches by 28 inches! . . . Susie, by the way, couldn't find a maid so her lovin' spouse, Jess Barker, minded the kids while she worked in this picture with Bob Mitchum.



Holliday

Aldo Ray emerges as a new star in *The Marrying Kind*. And Judy Holliday, who vowed she'd never do it again after *Born Yesterday*, plays a dumb blonde. . . . A sightseeing company here added the MCA parking lot to its schedule. You can hear the barkers shouting: "And on your right is the parking lot where Walter Wanger shot Jennings Lang!" . . . Hal Wallis is enthused about Dean Martin's new voice. "It's deeper and sounds more virile than before," Hal told me. And Dean, on the set of *Jumping Jacks*, said, "I dunno

TONY'S TERRIFIC!

with TWO kinds of WOMEN to tame!

FLESH AND FURY





MEN knew the fury of his fists...

WOMEN knew his lips...



Starring

the new Screen Sensation of this Generation!

TONY CURTIS

JAN STERLING · MONA FREEMAN

with **WALLACE FORD** • **CONNIE GILCHRIST** • Directed by **JOSEPH PEVNEY**

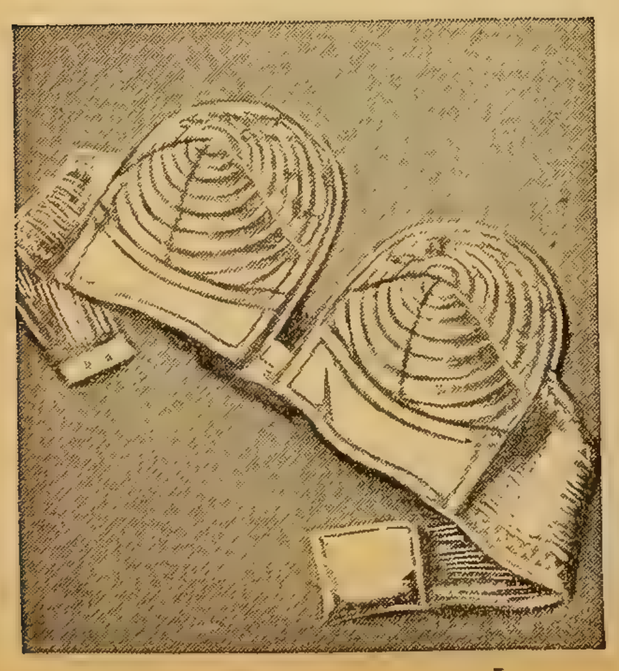
Screenplay by **BERNARD GORDON** • Produced by **LEONARD GOLDSTEIN** • A Universal-International Picture



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Regular style $3.00 in white cotton—A & B cups.
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hollywood report continued

what happened. A few days ago I woke up and there was a new voice!" . . . Arlene Dahl made her trip to Sun Valley with Lex Barker pay off. She interviewed Gary Cooper and Norma Shearer there for her Chicago Tribune beauty column. . . . The Bell Sisters, Kay and Cynthia, who racked up a smash hit with their recording of "Bermuda," are only 11 and 16 years old respectively. They live in Seal Beach, Calif., where their father, a graduate of Ohio State University, works at an aviation plant. . . . New shop in Toluca Lake called Put 'n' Take features the used clothing of stars. You can buy a mink coat for $250 . . . Jeanette MacDonald's original fan club celebrated its 20th anniversary last month.

QUICK QUOTES:

"The only exercise some girls get," George Montgomery muses, "is jumping to conclusions" . . . Marie Wilson says she likes to read those pocket-size news magazines because she can read 'em fast and it leaves her more time to WORRY about the news! . . . Hollywood social climber: "I had dinner at the Deauville with Betty Hutton. Of course, she was in the next booth, but we DID have the same waiter!" . . . What with poodle coats and poodle haircuts, Bob Stack thinks the gals are leading a dog's life.



Stack

Character actress Sid Esppero took a long look at Warners' Mari Aldon on the set of *Distant Drums* and sighed: "The one thing I always prayed was that I would never have a beautiful daughter, because losing beauty is the worst thing that can happen to a woman" . . . Jerry Lewis thinks it's strange that when he was starting out in show business he had to work so hard for laughs. Now all he does is open his mouth and people fall on their faces. . . . Lou Holtz, whose attempt to revive vaudeville in Los Angeles was a failure, says that Judy Garland's Palace Theatre success proves only one thing. It isn't vaudeville that's made a comeback. It's Judy! . . . Warners' redecorated Pat Wymore's dressing room and asked her if she wanted a giant photo of her ever-lovin' Errol Flynn covering one wall. "No, thanks," said Pat. "When I'm at the studio I'm MISS Pat Wymore!"

SKIRMISHES OF THE MONTH:

This looks like a record year for real life action stories datelined Hollywood. Following close on the Wanger-Bennett-Lang fracas, Humphrey Bogart tossed Oscar Levant out of his home at the height of a party, Steve Cochran bopped an unwelcome guest in his home, Zeppo Marx clouted producer Alex Gottlieb and James Mason slapped Bill Saroyan. No newspaperman has to make up stories about this old town. . . . That was a fortune spent by RKO to advertise Warner star Jane Wyman for the best-actress Oscar for her work in *The Blue Veil*. Warners', on the other hand, spent another FORTUNE exploiting another gal who isn't even under contract there, and I do mean Vivien Leigh

(*Continued on page 100*)

Look lovelier offer!

Yes, lovelier looking skin in 10 days with Doctor's Home Facial . . .

or your money back on special offer below!



Dry skin. "Noxzema has helped my skin look so much softer and smoother," says Val Lewis of New Orleans. "It's fine for rough, dry skin."



"Creamwash." "My skin looks smoother since I 'creamwash' with Noxzema," says Phyllis Riggs of Brooklyn. "I recommend it to all my friends."

See for yourself how quickly the new Noxzema Home Beauty Routine can help your skin look smoother, lovelier.

This simple routine was developed by a noted skin doctor. In actual clinical tests, it helped 4 out of 5 women to have lovelier-looking complexions — often within two weeks.

Surveys show that all over the United States hundreds and hundreds of women like those pictured here are switching to this sensible skin care, shown at the left.

Read how it helped Val Lewis of New Orleans who had rough, dry skin. Read how delighted Phyllis Riggs, Norma Buchanan and Paulette Hendrix are with the way Noxzema helps heal externally-caused blemishes and keep skin looking smooth and lovely. Hundreds report similar results.

See how it can help you. No matter how many other creams you have used, try Noxzema. It is a *medicated* formula. That's *ONE* secret of its effectiveness!

If you have problem skin and have been longing for a complexion that wins compliments—that looks softer, smoother—just give Noxzema's Home Beauty Routine a 10-day trial.

Noxzema works—or money back! If not delighted with results, return jar to Noxzema, Baltimore. Your money back! For inexpensive trial, take advantage of LOOK LOVELIER OFFER today.

**externally-caused*

MORNING:

1. For thorough cleansing, "creamwash": Apply Noxzema liberally to face and neck. Then with a cloth wrung out in warm water "creamwash" with Noxzema instead of using soap. How fresh and clean your skin looks! No dry, drawn feeling!

2. Apply Noxzema lightly as powder base. It helps protect your skin all day long.

EVENING:

3. "Creamwash" again with *medicated* Noxzema. See how completely it washes away make-up and dirt.

4. Now apply Noxzema as your night cream to help skin look softer and smoother. Pat a bit extra over any blemishes* to help heal them. It's *medicated*—that's one secret! *Greaseless,* too. No smeary face! No messy pillow!

Follow these directions for a lovelier-looking skin!



Blemishes*. "Until I started using Noxzema, I always had blemishes*," Norma Buchanan of Montreal says. "Now my skin looks so much fresher."



Make-up base. "I always use Noxzema under my make-up and I'm delighted with the way it helps heal blemishes*," says Paulette Hendrix of Savannah.

CLIP THIS COUPON AS A REMINDER!

look lovelier offer!

Get 40¢ NOXZEMA only 29¢ plus tax



1. Use this trial jar—see how much lovelier it helps your skin look

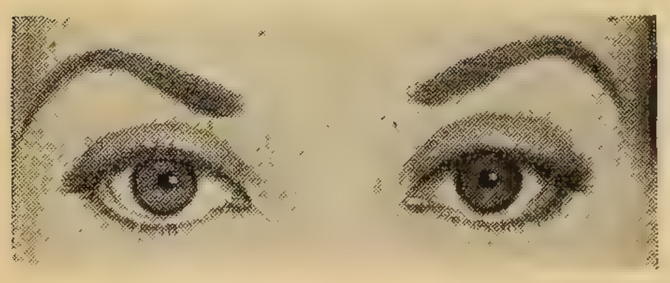
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At any drug or cosmetic counter.

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eye make-up?



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Revlon's
sweet-and-subtle new

DREAMY EYE
MAKE-UP

looks so naturally lovely
you won't believe your eyes!



Mascara—11 mist-soft colors... tortoise-plastic case ...1.10*

Eye Shadow—12 dreamy shades...gold-tone "lipstick-type" case...1.25*

Eyebrow Pencil—6 inspired hues ... tortoise-plastic "swivel stick"...1.10*

*PLUS TAX

MOVIE REVIEWS

by seymour peck



THE AFRICAN QUEEN

picture of the month

■ *The African Queen* is pure delight—an unusual, thrilling blend of high adventure and romantic love in the Congo which communicates enchantingly some of the plain, wonderful joy of living. For the woman of the movie, Katharine Hepburn is a creature who has virtually given up living—she is a narrow, prissy, cold, "psalm-singing, skinny old maid," spending her years as a missionary among the heathen tribes of Africa. And the man of the movie, Humphrey Bogart, is quite the other extreme—a coarse, slangy, easygoing, gin-swilling, warm and human skipper with an unmistakable passion for life. And *The African Queen* traces the impact of these two upon each other in a time of great danger: the year is 1914 and both are British subjects in a remote jungle territory that has just been seized by the Germans. How this man and woman flee all alone on his shaky, small boat down an almost unnavigable river, finding love, insects, wild animals, heat, leeches, malaria, Germans and other menaces along the way, is the rich, exciting substance of *The African Queen*. Filmed in Africa in color under John Huston's masterful direction *The African Queen* has all the spell-binding wonder of faraway places. And Bogart, as the man who loves life, and Hepburn, as the woman who learns from him to love life, bring out the subtleties of their relationship sometimes humorously, sometimes touchingly, always magnificently. They and their movie make you want to toss a hat or two in the air.

THIS WOMAN IS DANGEROUS

Crime has rarely been so glamorous as it is in *This Woman Is Dangerous*. Leading a life of larceny, Joan Crawford suffers for it by having both Dennis Morgan and David Brian madly in love with her, by wearing gowns that would tax the purse of a Rockefeller, and by carrying around—for pocket money—small sums like 30 or 40 thousand dollars. Having just pulled off a $90,000 robbery with partner-in-crime Brian, Joan takes herself to a hospital for a major operation on her very lovely eyes. Seems Joan is going blind in *This Woman Is Dangerous*, but doctor Dennis Morgan performs a successful operation, saves Joan's sight and decides while he's at it that Joan would be so nice to come home to after a hard day over an operating table. Will Joan marry doctor Morgan? Can she tell him about her sordid past? Will partner-in-crime Brian tolerate her leaving him? Despite the Hollywood edict that crime must not pay, things work out miraculously well for Joan, and we're really very glad—Joan deserves the best. But may we hope that all impressionable little girls who see *This Woman Is Dangerous* won't rush into a life of crime on the chance that they, like Joan, will suffer only by having both Dennis Morgan and David Brian fall madly in love with *them*? *Cast: Joan Crawford, Dennis Morgan, David Brian.*—Warners.

PHONE CALL FROM A STRANGER

Reminiscent in mood and structure of *A Letter To Three Wives*, this one might be called *A Phone Call To Two Wives And One Husband*. For *Phone Call From A Stranger* also looks in episodic style at several marriages and the effect upon each of a remarkable event—this time a phone call from a man informing two wives and one husband that their mates have been killed in a plane crash. Like *Letter To Three Wives, Phone Call From A Stranger* mixes wisecracks, laughter, tears and pathos shrewdly and effectively as it tells the story of each marriage up to the plane crash and after. It'll be tough, too, to decide which couple you find most interesting —Shelley Winters as a stripteaser who is fighting a losing battle for Craig Stevens against his nasty mother, Evelyn Varden; Michael Rennie as a doctor whose wife, Beatrice Straight, has been helping him hide a terrible secret; or Bette Davis as the wife who once ran away from her loud, boorish husband, Keenan Wynn, but found him still willing to help her and love her when she got in a bad jam. Gary Merrill is the man who has to make the phone calls, and each of the stories he runs across in these marriages manages to be vastly entertaining and not at all morbid, though death enters all of them. For this, expert writer Nunnally Johnson

(*Continued on page 22*)



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rates credit, along with as smart a troupe of actors as you'll ever find together in one movie. Following in the path of *Letter To Three Wives, Phone Call* proves perhaps that lightning can and sometimes does strike twice in the same place.
Cast: Shelley Winters, Gary Merrill, Michael Rennie, Keenan Wynn, Bette Davis.—20th Century-Fox.

LONE STAR

Clark Gable's still The King. In *Lone Star,* a Western recalling the turbulent days before Texas joined the Union, Gable looks trimmer, rides faster, fights harder, shoots straighter and makes love smoother than most of the boys who have come along in those 20 years since he took the throne in Hollywood. *Lone Star* is solid, fast action fare, with Gable punching away against Broderick Crawford for the heart of Ava Gardner as well as the destiny of Texas. Crawford, a selfish, power-seeking politico, has everything to gain by keeping Texas an independent nation but Gable, an agent of Andrew Jackson, maneuvers successfully to bring her into the Union. The political wrangling never grows too burdensome in *Lone Star;* there are always Comanche Indians or Crawford and his stooges to whoop it up in fisticuffs with Gable. And though Ava is at first ardently on Crawford's side in love *and* politics, time and Gable change all that, bringing about two unions —Texas with the U.S.A., and Gardner with Gable. It is worth noting that Ava looks dazzling and is a credit to Texas whatever side she is on.
Cast: Clark Gable, Ava Gardner, Broderick Crawford, Lionel Barrymore.—MGM.

THE BIG TREES

Kirk Douglas, who was downright mean around a police station in *Detective Story,* and even meaner around a prize ring in *Champion,* steps into the great outdoors in *The Big Trees* —still mean. However, you can bet your last Sequoia that fresh air, the wide open spaces and the love of a pure-hearted lass will bring honor at last into Kirk's ornery heart. Kirk

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Below you will find credited page by page the photographs which appear in this issue.

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sets out for Northern California in 1900, an arrogant, lawless, land-grabbing lumberman with his greedy eye on the forests of redwood trees there. Kirk means to push the poor settlers off the land and make his million in a flash. "Honey, we're going to be rich, rich," he boasts to blonde Patrice Wymore, his dance hall sweetie. But after a gander at brunette Eve Miller, the sweet, devout daughter of a settler, Kirk chucks Patrice and switches to the settlers' side against another mob that is trying to grab the land. Kirk is always the blazing man of action—he fights bad guy John Archer at the edge of a cliff, blows up the dam Archer is using to hamstring the settlers, and rescues Eve from a runaway train just before it plunges off a bridge. Heel or hero, Kirk is rugged as a stick of dynamite all the way through *The Big Trees*. But we can't help wondering: whatever became of the Douglas who portrayed a quiet, intelligent schoolteacher so gently and appealingly in *A Letter To Three Wives?*
Cast: Kirk Douglas, Eve Miller, Patrice Wymore.—Warners.

INVITATION

The beautiful lady with the rare, fatal disease—the doctors give her only one year to live—is back with us again in *Invitation*. Bette Davis played her in *Dark Victory*, Margaret Sullavan had her fling in *No Sad Songs For Me*, and now it's Dorothy McGuire who is hovering tremulously and tearfully on the brink of rigor mortis. We bow to Miss McGuire: in a script that is soggy and artificial as a soap opera, she acts beautifully, with passionate belief in the tragedy of the rich, sick and lonely girl in *Invitation*. Though dying, Miss McGuire brings the only note of life into the movie. For if a fatal malady were not at work here, *Invitation* might simply —and easily—talk itself to death. First Dorothy talks of her marriage to Van Johnson: she thought he loved her but discovers he was practically bought by her father to make her last year happy. Then Van unfolds his side of the marriage: he may have been "bought" at first, but he has come now to love Dorothy deeply. It makes for a powerful lot of talk and we're afraid Van is not at his happiest in this morose conversation piece. And just when Dorothy has decided she doesn't mind dying, having had Van's love for one whole year, a doctor turns up with a new kind of operation to cure her incurable illness. Miss McGuire therefore has the pleasure of being gloriously tragic all over the place, yet living happily ever after, too—and with Van Johnson. It proves, we guess, that life—and death —can be beautiful.
Cast: Van Johnson, Dorothy McGuire, Ruth Roman, Louis Calhern.—MGM.

SCANDAL SHEET

Pardon us if we let out a long, slow "ho-hum" over *Scandal Sheet*. But we've had our fill of movies about newspaper life in which the hero is one of those smart, brassy reporters who always beats the police to the scene of the crime, solves murders before the law even has a clue, and seldom does anything so shockingly ordinary as sitting down at a typewriter. John Derek, the wonder boy of *Scandal Sheet*, reminds us of no reporter we have ever met anywhere in America, and that goes double for his editor, Broderick Crawford, a barking, semi-gangster type who sounds as if he might be taking bets in a

(*Continued on page 93*)



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BOURJOIS
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Jean is close to Pete at a critical period in his life. Mature and more settled now, he may prefer her and marriage to playboy-ing.

Is Jean Pete's Pick?

The playboy who's always been Hollywood's social lion appears to be turning into a perfect lamb for Jeannie MacDonald . . .

BY ARTHUR L. CHARLES

■ Two telegrams, delivered to Peter Lawford within a period of ten days by trans-oceanic cable, completely changed the course of the young actor's life.

The first told Pete that his close friend, Lieutenant Charles Dunne, had been killed in action in Korea.

The second brought news of the tragic death of Robert Walker.

For a man to lose his two best friends in the space of a few days is more than tough luck. It is a violent blow that is quite likely to set off an explosion somewhere in his inner being. On the surface, Peter took the news as many men would. He left his hotel room, walked to the nearest bar, and tried to steady his nerves with a stiff drink. He didn't talk about his grief. He still doesn't, but in the months that have passed, it is evident to his most intimate friends that Pete is not the same man he was, and never will be again. At 28, he has run smack into the grim realism he never before encountered during a more or less carefree existence in Hollywood, the least realistic city in the world.

Peter doesn't believe that there's any drama in his life at the moment. He says, "I know that actors are for writing and talking about, but outside of certain personal ambitions of my own in the field of my profession, I can't dig up anything startling about myself."

But, actually, Peter Lawford is at the critical point in his life. And like a gambler, staking all on a throw of the dice, he gives no indication of an awareness of this fact. (*Continued on page 96*)

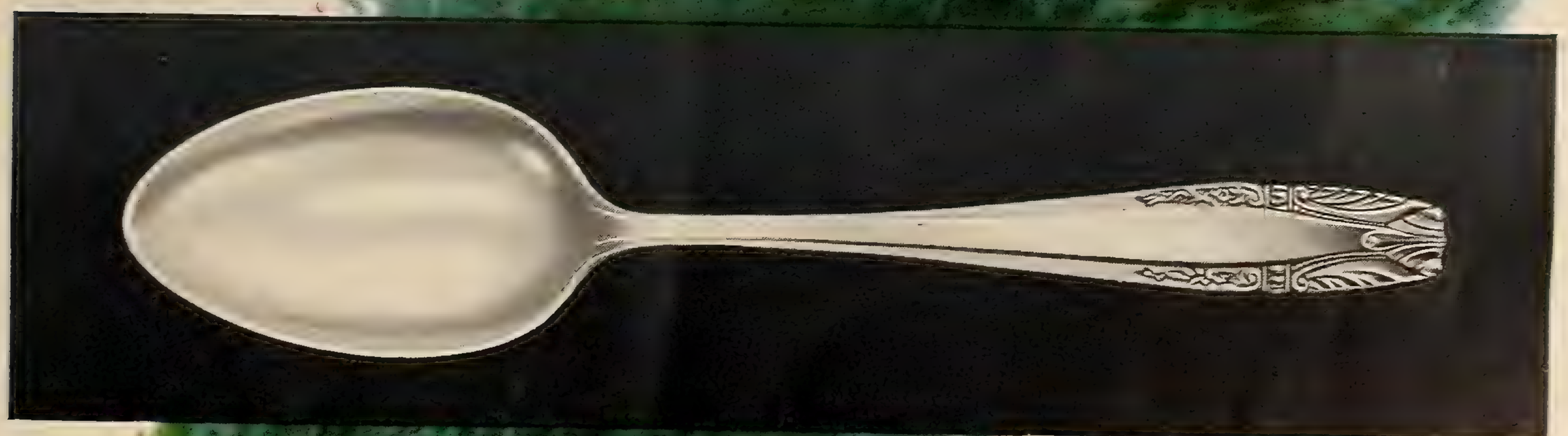
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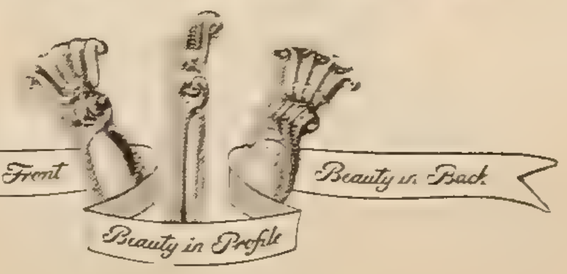
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On this and the following 14 pages are stories of Hollywood's lovers—the ones who get their hearts broken, and the ones who get away; the bachelors, the bobby-soxers, the gay divorcées. For each, love holds a different meaning, but always a promise . . .

HOLLYWOOD'S PROBLEM LOVERS

by Louella Parsons

■ Before we go any further—don't for a minute think that I'm against Hollywood's "problem lovers."

If it weren't for the romantic headaches of the widely conspicuous group of Hollywood honeys who can't manage their love lives, Hollywood would be a far less "human" place and probably I wouldn't be pecking out this piece, or have 30 years of a newspaper gossip column behind me—and 20 years of a radio show.

May I tell you something about *you?* You fans respect the stars who marry and stay married and who enjoy happy home lives.

But you *eat up* stories about those less fortunate glamor girls and boys who can't seem to cope with Cupid.

To even an amateur psychiatrist like myself—this seems to prove that more people have love problems than don't have 'em—so what I have to say from here on is in a purely sympathetic light—and should be so considered.

Getting down to cases, I don't know any girl in any walk of life anywhere who wants more to be in love, be married and have a happy home life than Betty Hutton. And yet love-happiness continually eludes her. Why? Because she's in love with love!

She is constantly mistaking the mirage for the real thing. Knowing her as I do, I believe she has never rid herself of an image of love as it is lived in the movies or in books of fiction.

In her childhood, she never knew a settled, happy, home life. Her father ran out on her mother while Betty and her sister, Marion, were still in pigtails. She never had an example of real love and happiness between her parents in those all important formative years of her youth.

So, Betty turned to a love ideal as it is romantically and attractively lived in musical comedies, movies and fiction thrillers where everything is constantly exciting and where affairs d'amour are lived at a colorful pace.

Everytime she falls in love, I believe Betty sees herself as a fiction heroine. When she was married to Ted Briskin her "role" was that of the wife and mother carrying a financial load and forced (by Ted) to behave in a sedate and mature manner that stifled her natural exuberant instincts.

When her marriage failed, as it was bound to do, Betty's next big romance was with Robert Sterling. Everything she had been holding back as Mrs. Ted Briskin, she let go when good-looking Bob came into her life. She danced, she sang, she "necked" openly and unabashedly with Bob as the "heroine," suddenly released from too much responsibility. (*Continued on next page*)

HOLLYWOOD'S PROBLEM LOVERS by louella parsons





Hailed as Hedy Lamarr's successor to "most beautiful woman in the world" title, will Liz find beauty a hindrance in love?

HERE ARE HOLLYWOOD'S UNHAPPY PEOPLE; THEY CAN'T STAY IN LOVE—OR OUT OF TROUBLE!

(*Continued from preceding page*) Betty's next romantic mood was a five-day "engagement" to brilliant, young producer, Norman Krasna. During this interlude, Betty dramatized herself as the little girl with "no education" who came from the wrong side of the tracks, who had no "upbringing" but who, miraculously, had attracted the love of a near genius.

All during their hectic and short-lived romance, Betty's constant comment was "How *can* he be in love with little old me?" When the excitement over the Zing Girl and the Boy Genius died down—she must have found out. It was hard to believe, but they actually *didn't* have anything in common!

Right now, Betty's love life is choreographer Charles O'Curran, a talented dance director, and the "role" is obvious: the successful star helping a clever young man up the ladder of fame. I think Betty will remain in love with O'Curran just as long as this Lady Bountiful mood interests her.

Someday, sometime, a *real* love will come into Betty's life—for she is a generous, goodhearted girl with a sincere desire for a home and family life. When that happens—she'll be glad to stop all the pretending and settle down to being a woman in love—and not a fictional character.

Elizabeth Taylor's love problem is obvious—too much spoiled youth plastered over by a heavy coating of pseudo-sophistication.

Before we criticize luscious Liz too much, we should stop and remember she's a kid just out of bobbysox who is having a you-know-what of a time kicking up her French heels along the romance trail.

Whether or not she is married to Michael Wilding, Liz and love are not through with each other. And they won't be until she is far, far more mature—not just a little girl playing at a grown up emotion.

She was just a child "dressed up" in a wedding gown when she married Nicky Hilton. It was a child "playing" grown-up who had previously announced herself as being in love with football star Glenn Davis, and later with millionaire Bill Pawley. But Elizabeth won't fool me—with all her sophistication and cigarette smoking and gay girl-of-the-world behavior—until she proves that she is *really* a mature human being by acting like one.

Women who are outstandingly beautiful to look upon—as Elizabeth—frequently have trouble with love problems all their lives. Consider the case of Hedy Lamarr who has been hailed as the most beautiful woman in the world and who, as such, should (*Continued on page 91*)



Faced with the most difficult decision of his life, Gary Cooper is torn between his love for Pat Neal, and his reluctance to break up his home. Coop says: "I love Pat and she loves me, but it isn't as easy as that."



Love problems were blamed by friends for Coop's recent illness. He recuperated in Sun Valley with daughter Maria, wife Rocky. Eighteen years of married life have a great hold on Gary.



Betty Hutton, desperately wanting a secure home life for herself and her daughters, now thinks she's in love with Charles O'Curran. But Betty has always mistaken the mirage for the real thing, and happiness keeps eluding her.



With a stormy, front-page courtship behind them, Ava and Frankie's troubles are just beginning. Most Hollywood observers feel that their pre-marital battles were a prelude to what's next.



Lana can't find a man who wants her for herself and not for her glamorous reputation. She has always been willing to give up her career for marriage, but may lose out again with Fernando Lamas who already has a wife.



Money was one of the causes for Sylvia and Clark Gable's split-up. Clark resented her careless spending, and may have compared her to his third wife, Carole Lombard, who went 50-50 on everything.





Holding hands with Liz Taylor helped dispel one of the false impressions so common about Monty. The guy really *does* like to step out!

His reputation as a recluse

■ There are a couple of tales told in Hollywood that are supposed to point up the oddness of Montgomery Clift, with respect, of course, to his poverty-stricken appearance and his shy immersion in solitude.

One day, a story goes, a grip working on a Clift picture had missed his lunch and during the afternoon had slipped out to buy a sandwich and a cup of coffee. He brought them back to the set, perched on top of a property wagon and began to wolf the food. Then he happened to spot Monty Clift, slumped disconsolately in a canvas chair staring into space. The grip put the sandwich down and had trouble swallowing the bite he had in his mouth.

"What's the matter?" asked a fellow grip, "aren't you hungry any

WHO IS MONTY KIDDING?



Contrary to public opinion, good food served well is very important to Monty. When he dated Judy Balaban, he took her to midnight supper at a swanky New York night spot on the East Side where he was completely at home.



Monty *does* own a tux, and what's more, he enjoys wearing it! Co-worker Lois Chartrand is just one of the many pretty girls Monty is happy to be seen with around New York or L.A.

evaporates every time he hits the night spots or dons a dinner jacket . . . BY IMOGENE COLLINS

more? Why aren't you eating now?"

"Sure I'm hungry," he said, "but how do you think I can eat with that poor son of a gun over there starving to death?"

Then there was the time when a group at Paramount was collecting clothing for a European relief organization. A couple of employees were wheeling a hand truck down the main studio street, gleefully chattering about the haul they'd made at some dressing rooms. Montgomery Clift turned into the street on his way to makeup. He was dressed in ill-mated trousers and jacket and wore a rough shirt without a tie. Nothing seemed to fit—and the outfit was obviously beyond the stage of salvage. The collectors fell silent until Clift had passed and was out of earshot. Then one of the men halted the truck, patted the bulging bundles and turned to his companion.

"Say," he said, "are you sure we're sending this stuff to the right place?"

There are other stories, too many to record here, and they all have pretty much the same point. Poor Montgomery Clift. Some of the yarns say that he is robbed every pay day and never gets to keep a dime. Others that he is so gone on his work that he forgets to eat and buy clothes; or that he hates simple luxuries like steaks and warm coats. Much of this is believed—and much of it is tagged publicity. However, it is generally conceded that Montgomery Clift is a character with a penchant (*Continued on page 83*)



Monty likes money, he frankly admits. "It gives a guy wings," he says, and also finances his many traveling jaunts. Here's Monty in Italy.

LADY BE GOOD



Cesar Romero, perennial bachelor-girl escort, often dates Janie—as well as Joan Crawford, Ann Sheridan.



Jane's often been rumored engaged to man-about-town Greg Bautzer, never has she even hinted it was true.



Lew Ayres (*above*) dated Jane after her divorce. Gossips cried love, said same about Manny Sacks (*below*).



Jane Wyman's getting ready for the fling of her life—and you can bet your bottom dollar that when the smoke clears away she'll be clinging to the arm of a brand new flame.

BY STEVE CRONIN

Jane Wyman strutted into a shop in Beverly Hills recently and picked a small bronze statue from the window display. She held it at different angles and a salesgirl approached her.

"What do you get for this work of art, honey?" Jane asked.

"Twenty dollars, madam," said the girl.

The manager appeared from behind a curtain leading to the back room, saw who his customer was and began to fidget with a table display.

"Stick it in a nice box and send it over to my house, will you, kid," said Jane. And after giving the address she said, "C.O.D."

"Yes, madam," the salesgirl said as she started towards the counter.

"Thanks, honey," said Jane and charged back out into the street.

"Hey, wait a minute," cried the salesgirl, dropping out of character. "Just a minute, lady!"

The manager came over. "What's the matter?" he said.

"She was in and out so fast," said the salesgirl, "that I forgot to ask her her name."

"The lady," said the manager testily, "was Jane Wyman."

"It was not!" said the salesgirl.

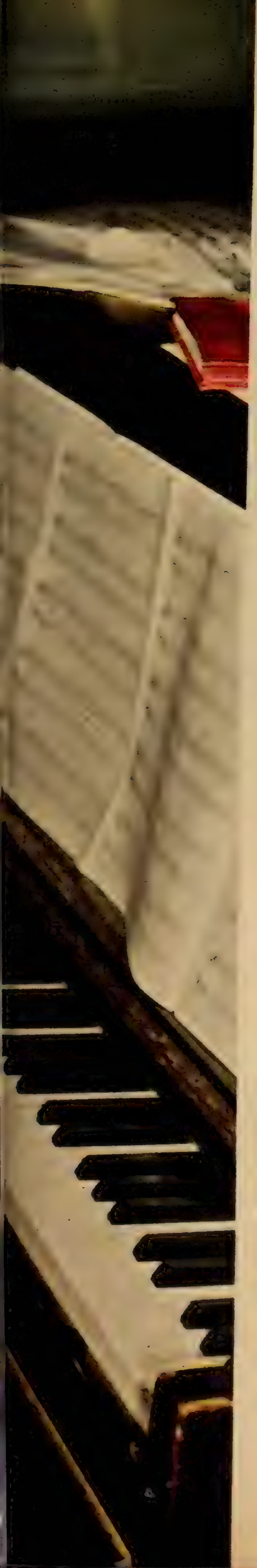
"It certainly was," said the manager. "I've waited on her before. I know her."

"Well, it just happens," said the salesgirl, "that Jane Wyman is my favorite movie star. I never miss one of her pictures. And if I saw her in the middle of the night with the lights out and my glasses off I'd know her. That was *not* Jane Wyman."

The manager won, but not without a battle. And the salesgirl wasn't alone. It is a very usual thing for people not to recognize Jane Wyman—about as common as the stories that are told about fans not recognizing their favorite movie stars. But with Jane Wyman it's different. The real, physical, emotional Jane Wyman is so far removed from the screen Jane Wyman that it's not at all odd that she is seldom recognized.

If you have seen her in *The Glass Menagerie, The Blue Veil* or *Johnny Belinda,* you wouldn't know her if you saw her. In all of those pictures she played a mouse, an unvital character with a limp, a twitch, an affliction (*Continued on page 88*)





His marriage was a tragic failure; it threw him for a loss. But now he's Happy Dan the bachelor man with a new girl every Sunday.

And so he says:



Busy playing the field, Dan has his choice of dates: June Haver (*above*), Ann Miller, Jane Nigh, Barbara Whiting all love his company.

"I'LL NEVER MARRY AGAIN"

by sheilah graham

■ "I'll never marry again, Sheilah, so help me." It's Dan Dailey speaking, and I usually take such a statement with several grains of skepticism. But something final in the way Dan says it convinces me absolutely. I'll go on record and state he will not ever marry again. (Not for years and years, anyway!)

I gathered this information at the Encore Restaurant on La Cienega Boulevard, owned and run by Dan's great pal, Andy McIntyre, as newly divorced from Marilyn Maxwell as Dan is from his Liz. At the Encore we talked of love, life and Dan Dailey.

Over the hot consommé and salad, I ask Dan, "Is it true what I hear about you and girls?" Dan grins and says, "What do you hear—that I love em?"

"That you rotate them," says I. He roars. "I hadn't thought of it like that. But you're right. I don't want to get too close to any girl. Why should I ever fall in love? I'm happier as a bachelor than I ever was when I was married to Liz."

I was coming to the ex-Mrs. Dailey later. First I wanted to know about Dan's dates with Jane Nigh, Shelley Winters, June Haver, Ann Miller and young Barbara Whiting, among many others. I wanted to know whether any one of these girls meant something romantically to Dan, or were they all just a part of an objective system for playing a tune without having to pay the piper. And I do mean marriage. He told me—with the frankness and lack of self-kidding I have always liked him for:

"First of all, you must know this about me," Dan said. "I'm a male. I like to support my woman, I like to pay for everything she needs. And I can. If I weren't in show business I could work as a laborer. I'm strong, I've dug ditches. I could never come home to a wife who was helping to pay for the groceries. That is why I could never marry a career woman. That rules out Shelley Winters right away. And Jane Nigh and June Haver and (*Continued on page 97*)



STILL IN LOVE WITH ALY?

The divorce waits in Reno, but Rita sits tight in Hollywood. Is it because Aly Khan is not only on her mind but in her heart as well? BY CYNTHIA MILLER

■ Remember last year how determined Rita Hayworth was to divorce Aly Khan? Remember how dramatically she left her playboy husband in Africa, flew to Europe, bundled up her babies, and proceeded to Reno? Remember all the hullabaloo and headlines out of Nevada? RITA DEMANDS $3,000,000 FOR CHILD . . . ALY'S LAWYER TO FLY FROM PARIS . . . RITA WARNS ALY TO QUIT STALLING.

That was last May.

At this writing, Rita Hayworth is still Mrs. Aly Khan, and still Princess Rita to the Moslems.

What cooks? How come after establishing legal residence in Nevada, hiring attorneys, filing documents, obeying all the divorce requirements to the letter, Rita has failed to pick up her divorce?

She may pick it up any day after she finishes *Affair In Trinidad* with Glenn Ford. She may even have the valuable document as you read this article —but why all the delay? And why did Rita say, "I'm holding the divorce in abeyance."?

You can't get Rita to talk about the Prince these days, or for that matter, about any of the men in her life. Could it be that despite all the anguish and trouble he caused her, Rita is still in love with Aly?

On New Year's Day this year, Aly phoned Rita from Rio de Janeiro. The call lasted 30 minutes and cost $120.

When Rita slipped the phone onto its cradle, her eyes were misty. She decided at that moment to let the divorce lie. After all, there was really no hurry. Whenever she wanted she could fly up to Reno and get the decree papers in a few hours. (*Continued on page 102*)

IS THEIR ON-AND-OFF MARRIAGE ON AGAIN?



The sunny smiles that once lit Rita's face gave way to cool disdain when Aly started misbehaving. But, friends hint, he'll get the chance to make her smile again.

BY CAROLINE BROOKS

LITTLE MISS LONELY HEART

Ann Blyth lives passionately—on the screen. Does she expect fiery roles to make up for a life without love?

■ Ann Blyth is driving a magnificent new Cadillac these days. Nine years ago, when she was 14 and just signed by Universal-International, she stated her two fondest ambitions. One was to have a mink coat. The other was to own a Cadillac. She didn't mention a private swimming pool.

She bought the mink coat two years ago. The Cadillac and the swimming pool—they were given to her by Howard Hughes a little before 1952.

Now if any other young star had received two such lavish gifts, gossips would be yapping all over the world and every eyebrow in Hollywood would be higher than the hairline.

But it's Ann Blyth, so everyone says, "Oh, yes, the Cad and the swimming pool are bonuses she got for going into *The Korean Story*. That's all, because everyone knows that, romantically, Ann is idealistic as a schoolgirl, and she'd rather have a lonely heart than a bad conscience. And it's true, despite the fact that the very charming bachelor Mr. Hughes has always liked lovely, talented ladies around him. (And the lovely, talented ladies have returned the compliment.) But Ann Blyth, as lovely as any of them, and twice as talented as most, fits into a separate category.

Last winter, after a few weeks shooting of *The Korean Story*, the star, Claudette Colbert, became too ill to continue. Delays were costly and Hughes looked for a replacement. He decided that Ann was the ideal girl to replace Miss Colbert.

She was immediately contacted, but for the first time in her Hollywood career, she hesitated. A change had come over Ann Blyth. Very quietly, but very confidently she was beginning to assert herself.

She hesitated. Other actresses would have argued, screamed, stalked about like tigresses, but Ann displayed a quiet resistance that could move mountains.

She hardly said a word; she knew better. She knew she'd just have to smile and look up from the depths of her exquisite eyes. So by gesture, rather than talk, Ann conveyed the idea that after all a role written (*Continued on page 68*)



"I LOVE YOU, CHATA!"

by Jim Henaghan

These were John Wayne's words when his marriage

■ This is a difficult story to write. It is difficult because the author is not sure how to write it. Should it be the story of an actor in trouble with his wife—an actor who has been chosen the greatest star in Hollywood and the happiest in his private life. Or should it be the tale of a man who has a problem and wants to work it out? Probably, because the author was, in a minor way, there at the time, it should just be a recitation of events that will tell everything. Yes, that's the way to tell it.

The reason for the story is a series of news items that



was tottering. Will they be enough to save it? MODERN SCREEN *brings you the story of a troubled man.*

appeared in the nation's press. They stated simply that John Wayne and his wife of seven years had separated, and that she had retained an attorney to handle a settlement of their joint properties. It said nothing of divorce, but it hinted that such a thing was possible. These news stories came as no surprise to this writer because he knew about it but had decided not to tell —not, at least, until it had to be told. Now it does.

I decided not to tell this story just after I heard it, in an airplane last Christmas Eve. The plane had been in the air for hours. I sat next to John Wayne, and in the comfortable peace of the giant ship, with the propellers humming a hypnotic spell around us, we talked for several hours. We talked about a hundred things as men will when they have time on their hands—and just for a moment we talked about him and his wife. But everything was said in that minute. Then the pretty little Latin hostess came along. She was carrying a silver tray on which there were two pink cocktails in long-stem misty glasses. Where they came from, at 18,000 feet in the (*Continued on page 103*)

how Betty Grable lives

HOUSE OF THE MONTH

A little imagination, a lot of red paint—and the James' gloomy, 25-year-old mansion became a home just as vivid and up-to-the-minute as Betty herself!



The solid, well-built balustrade in the front hall, made by an English craftsman years ago, could not be duplicated today.



Books and racing trophies line the walls of the library. The compact bar in the corner at right was once a useless closet.





A long-neglected, over-grown Italian garden in back of the house was replaced by this modern pool and brick terrace. Wooden benches, which made the grounds resemble a park, were removed.



Over-sized couches and an eight-foot square coffee table fill up the huge living room. Either a portrait of the James' girls or one of the new colts will go over the fireplace—but Betty hasn't decided which it will be yet!

The dark mahogany panelling of the library was brightened by vivid colors and gay fabrics. The two lamps were made from brass hitching posts.



The unique dining room arrangement was Betty's idea. Whenever she entertains, and she likes to do so often, she pushes together the three tables (only two are shown above) to make one unit.

by Marwa Peterson

■ Betty Grable has one favorite household chore. She loves to pay bills! On the first Saturday of each month, she clutches a stack of statements, grabs her typewriter, sneaks into husband Harry's study, and for two whole dreamy hours does nothing but type out checks. This done, she pats them into a little pile and leaves them for the head-of-the-house to sign.

One Saturday a few months ago, Betty was ecstatically happy. She had not only made up with her studio after a nine-month suspension but here she was, living in a new house and typing out checks in Harry's new study.

She had just finished paying the gasoline bill when her two auburn-haired little daughters, Jessica and Victoria, suddenly burst into the room. (*Continued on next page*)



how Betty Grable lives continued

Their eyes were burning with excitement.

"Mummie," cried Victoria. "Guess what!"

"Sh-h-h," Mummie cautioned. "Your daddy's still asleep."

Six-year-old Jessica shook her head sadly. "Maybe you'll have to wake him, Mummie. Something's happened."

Betty frowned and turned towards Vickie. "What is it, darling? What's happened?"

Vicki grinned. "Some people are having a picnic on our lawn."

"You're not fibbing now, are you?"

"Honest, Mummie. A whole bunch are down there. They parked their car under our trees."

"And," added Jessica, "they're eating and eating and eating. Why don't I wake Daddy? Maybe he can chase them with his trumpet."

Betty got up. "Don't dare disturb your father. I'll come and see about it."

She tip-toed through the bedroom and hurried down the steps with Vicki and Jessie close behind.

As soon as she opened the front door, Betty Grable chuckled. Sure enough, a family of five were sitting on her front lawn munching sandwiches and pouring milk out of a thermos.

Betty, dressed in her usual outfit—slacks and turtle neck sweater—walked over to the trespassers.

"I'm sorry to disturb you," she announced, "but you're on private property."

The embarrassed father jumped to his feet. "Gosh!" he explained. "We sure are sorry. We're from out of town, and we've been riding around searching for a picnic spot. When we saw those big open gates, we thought this was some sort of public park. Sure am sorry, Miss. We'll clear out in a minute." He stopped and looked down at Vickie (*Continued on page 105*)



The roomy kitchen was completely remodeled, is now as modern as anyone could wish. The gay, red table, with its permanent-finish top, is just the right size for those informal, between-meal snacks.



Victoria and Jessica helped their mother select the blue and white plaid wallpaper, and the white furniture, for their bedroom. Practical Betty bought four washable bedspreads, uses two of them as canopys.

▲ Harry objected to Betty's suggestion of red for their bedroom, so she decided on raspberry. When Harry first saw the bed pillows, he thought they looked like lollipops—but Betty's happy with them.

▼ A part of the attic was made over into a combined study and dressing room for Harry, with plenty of room for all his mementos and clothes. Betty's mother crocheted the afghan on the couch for him.

if he were only single...

GIRLS SIGH OVER RIC, THEIR "BEAUTIFUL GUMDROP"—BUT HE JUST BLUSHES AND REMAINS THE PERFECT



Ricardo and Georgie (of the glamorous Young sisters' clan) flew into marriage after a two-week courtship. She got him a long time before Hollywood did, and after seven years of marital bliss, it looks as if he'll be hers for keeps.



There'll soon be a new addition to this portrait. Four-year-old Mark, Anita, six, and Laura, two, will have a new playmate named Phillip (if it's a boy). Rick's life centers around his family. He deserts them only for work.

■ The Hurricane Bar on Broadway was not exactly the place you'd pick for a grand premiere. It was bedlam that night with a phony tropical storm beating against a pane of glass and flashes of phony lightning blazing on the customers who sat there in the murky room mainly because they had no better place to go.

But at one of the tables was an eager young guy of about 20 with blue-black hair and an olive complexion. His eyes were glued to a juke box which played jerky little movie shorts when you slipped in a dime. "Soundies," they called them. After this excited character had invested six dimes, Number Seven came up. It was his big moment. "The Latin From Staten Island," the title flickered, "starring Ricardo Montalban."

"Here I come," he breathed expectantly.

And there he was—on a cardboard ferry flashing his white teeth and bawling out Gus Van's title tune. In a minute he was off and Number Eight was on. His starring debut was over. It was big stuff for Ricardo; he'd actually earned 70 dollars for that triumphant performance, which marked a big step forward in his career. Before that he'd been an extra in "soundies" for ten bucks a picture.

A sailor, who'd been soaking himself in rye, leaned over from the next table and slapped his shoulder.

"Say," he muttered, "was zat you?"

"Yes, yes indeed," responded Ricardo gratefully.

"Buddy," said the sailor, "you really stink!"

By now Ricardo Montalban would be the last person in the world to challenge that early verdict, although at the time it didn't make him feel very happy. But by now, of course, things are a little different. The pride of the soundies is now the pride of MGM, and his efforts are definitely more appreciated.

A few years ago, Ricardo walked into

HUSBAND. • by SUSAN TRENT

the premiere of *Fiesta* unmolested, but on the way out he lost part of his clothes and got lipstick smeared all over what was left. After *On An Island With You* and that hot dance with Syd Charisse, he got passionate pen proposals like the one which said, "I just want to die dancing—held tight in your arms!" And as recently as *Across The Wide Missouri,* when he bared his beautiful muscles, a veteran MGM mail clerk disgustedly handed him a scented letter begging, "Lift me up on your wild horse, my darling, and let us ride away together into the sunset!"

"Listen, Rick," said the clerk, "you'd better watch it. Dames haven't gone screwy like this since Rudy Valentino made *The Sheik*—and you know what happened to him."

Ricardo Montalban is the first truly Americanized Latin to take Hollywood by storm. And to tell the truth, although he's been around Hollywood seven years now, not more than a dozen people understand him. From Valentino himself clear down to Fernando Lamas, Hollywood's exotic menaces have been cats of a different stripe—and to some selfish ladies it's a shame that Ricardo's not.

Not long ago at a big Hollywood gala, Ricardo started dancing at seven o'clock and kept it up until four-thirty in the morning, sitting down only to snatch something to eat at nine. When he finally left with his wife, Georgiana, the lining of his dinner jacket was wringing wet and the stitching in the sleeves was ripped out (he had to throw it away the next day). His hair was tumbled and his face flushed with fun. Watching him exit thus an envious doll, one of the gang who had stood in line for his dances all night, clucked regretfully and shook her carefully coiffured head in obvious dismay.

"Oh, man," she thought out loud, "What that kid would do to Hollywood if he were only single!" (*Continued on page 62*)



THE MOST BEAUTIFUL HAIR IN THE WORLD

Hollywood's most famous beauty experts formed MODERN SCREEN's board of judges and chose these 12 stars as the best-tressed of the year.

■ For the second successive year, nine of Hollywood's top beauty experts were invited by the editors of MODERN SCREEN to select the 12 stars who have the most beautiful hair in the world. The job was both hard (last year's winners were automatically eliminated) and easy (lovely hair is almost a commonplace among Hollywood actresses). But the judges finally decided on these outstanding beauties, who, by combining skillful care with the most flattering coiffure, merited a place among this most select circle.

Last year's winners were June Allyson, Ann Blyth, Bette Davis, Rhonda Fleming, Ava Gardner, Deborah Kerr, Virginia Mayo, Maureen O'Hara, Ginger Rogers, Ruth Roman, Elizabeth Taylor, Lana Turner and Jane Wyman.

There is a saying among Hollywood beauty experts that goes, "A face is a face, but a head of hair is a mop you can really do something about." Despite the fact that the stars pictured on these two pages have the kind of faces you write home about, they take that saying to heart. They know that hairstyles can make or break them glamorwise, and they pass up coiffure fads for individual cuts that always charm, never grow old. And long ago they learned a simple rule: beautiful hair is clean, shining hair. There are no secret methods for achieving that. Frequent shampooing and brushing result in never-failing loveliness. So take a tip from those who know—wash your way to glamor!

The judges who selected these top 12 stars are: Nellie Manley of Paramount; Jean Burt of Warner Brothers; Larry Germain of RKO-Radio; Irene Brooks of 20th Century-Fox; Joan St. Oegger of Universal-International; Helen Hunt of Columbia; Perc Westmore of Westmore's Salon; Myran Nolt, Beauty Salon, Beverly Wilshire Hotel; Bill Tuttle of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.



ESTHER WILLIAMS depends on oil treatments to offset the drying effect of chlorine in swimming pools.



RITA HAYWORTH believes in vigorous root massage, twice a day, preferably outdoors for healthy growth.



DORIS DAY gets a daily shampoo, knows that the secret of beautiful hair is perfect cleanliness.



SUSAN HAYWARD's hair requires light permanents, frequent washing to give it body.



JEANNE CRAIN's fashionable short hair-do is easy to manage, stays lovely with brushing, weekly shampoo.



LIZABETH SCOTT is a hair-brush addict. She knows that a simple cut has to gleam.



JUNE HAVER's baby fine tresses call for liberal oil treatments and careful handling.



JOAN CRAWFORD says hair-care is more important than face-care, stresses importance of fine shampoos.



JAN STERLING occasionally wears her hair pulled straight back to ward off split ends.



JANET LEIGH's long bob always shines thanks to 100 strokes a night with a good brush.



JANE RUSSELL ignores style trends, once bobbed her hair, but so many fans protested she let it grow back.



ARLENE DAHL substitutes a champagne rinse for the vinegar wash of grandma's day

The Dereks live the way they like—in the hills far from Hollywood. They can't afford to entertain, avoid glamorous outings.

CALL HIM SOFT AND YOU'LL BE SORRY. DEREK PACKS A WALLOP THAT'S PRETTIER THAN HIS PROFILE!

Pretty tough

by Kirtley Baskette

John didn't have a double for his role in *Saturday's Hero*. He suffered a concussion during the filming.



■ It had been a hard day for John Derek. It was always hard for him to make a personal appearance in a theater since he couldn't sing, dance, or tell funny stories. He felt that he was making an ass of himself. But that was over now, matinee and evening, and he was ready for a steak.

So, after the *Saturday's Hero* show, he sat in a restaurant in an Eastern city and while he waited, the local Columbia representative went out to get the papers. He tossed one at John, flipped open to the drama reviews. "He doesn't love you," he grinned wryly. John started to read—and he lost his appetite then and there.

"The sports boys are right," wrote the critic. "After seeing John Derek it's obvious he couldn't play football against 11 powder puffs. A real grid squad would squash this pretty boy in five minutes . . ." And so it went on, taking him cruelly apart.

John tightened his already taut mouth and paled at the temples underneath his tan. "Who the devil is this guy?" he demanded. "Him I've got to get!"

"Sh-h-h!" warned his companion. "Here he comes now."

There was a mumbled introduction and a hand stuck out. Automatically, John took it, then the thought flashed red in his brain, "I hate this man." Suddenly he flipped his hand scornfully up in the air—and swung.

Somebody caught his arm and pushed him back in his seat and it was over. So John started to eat his steak, but without tasting it and he thought moodily about what had happened in this city; how he'd gone to an outlying theater as a favor, when he should have stayed in his hotel with that flu bug, and then, just as he was walking in, the mocking voice, "Well, well,—so this is the re-d-d-d hot quarterback, hey?" And how he'd spun, as if winged by a bullet, and stalked back through the lobby and up to three boy bullies standing there. "I'm not a quarterback," he'd said in a voice flat with anger. "I don't play football. I make pictures. I made a football picture. And does anybody here want to make anything out of that?" But suddenly nobody did and he whirled back inside the theater and was still so mad when he went on stage that he let the audience have it, told them off. said his piece—the longest he'd ever spouted—until they almost had to drag him off the stage.

What was the (*Continued on page 78*)



He's going that-a-way!

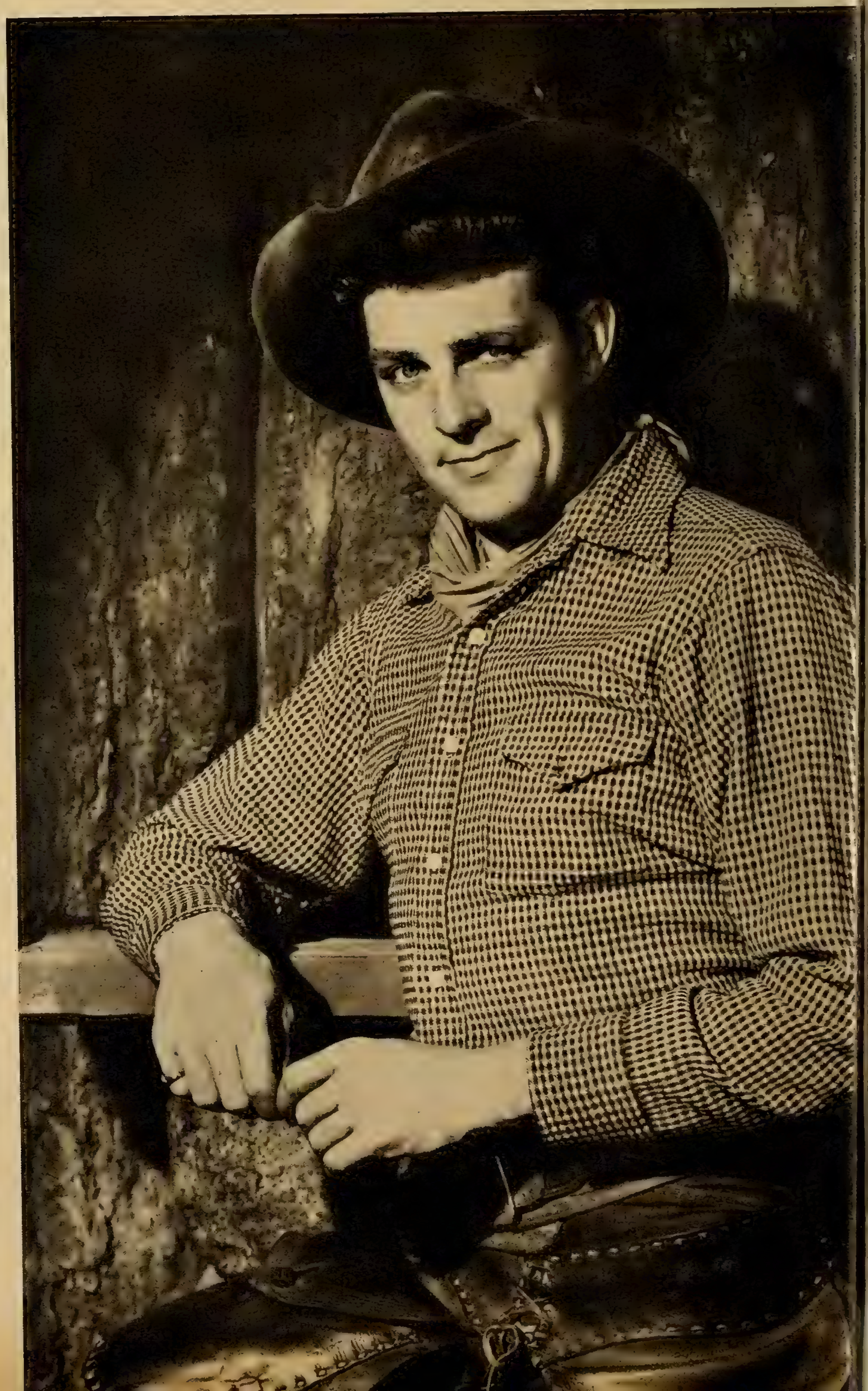
BY JIM BURTON



"I can't put on any airs," says Dale, who cheerfully donned an apron to help Mom with the dishes on his recent visit to Oklahoma.



His mother's dog "Captain" was waiting to greet Dale and "Chief" on their arrival in Oklahoma. Dale made the trip in 28 hours.



Look out—here comes
Dale Robertson! This fellow
with an Oklahoma
drawl and a hankering for horses is
galloping to fame.



Dale, who loves outdoor life, leaped at the chance to shoot quail with his brothers, Roxy and Chet, during his Christmas visit. Came home with his legal limit that very afternoon!



Showing the sights of Oklahoma City to his bride Jackie, gave Dale a big kick. It was the first time she'd met his family, (her whirlwind romance with Dale took place in Hollywood).



Caught in the act! Dale looked up guiltily when his Mom found him tasting her lemon pie. "Dale never *could* wait till I set it on the table," laughed Mrs. Robertson. "He hasn't changed in any respect."

■ There's an established ritual for success in Hollywood, and whenever an actor breaks into the big-time he usually adheres to it.

He hires a press agent as Bob Hope did. He starts buying his clothes at Brooks Brothers or Eddie Schmidt's as Clark Gable did. He makes a down payment on a yacht as Humphrey Bogart did, and he begins to drive around in a Cadillac or a Lincoln as Dana Andrews did.

Once in a while, however, an actor like Dale Robertson comes along—outspoken, rugged, stubborn, he does exactly as he pleases. And he'll explain to you in his slow, definite drawl, "I don't care if I'm making a million bucks a week. I just don't like putting on airs."

Dale Robertson means what he says. He's only 28 but he knows where he's going and his fans are taking him there faster than he dreamed.

Robertson is so hot at the moment that the studio has hired two extra girls to sort out his fan mail. Exhibitors all over the country are shouting for more Robertson pictures, and studio executives, who've placed him in six films during 1951, are trying to see if they can squeeze him into seven this year.

Despite this sudden popularity and the fact that he is currently earning a considerable salary, Robertson insists upon remaining himself.

"I have bought very few clothes," Dale says, "since I got out of the army in '46. I like nice clothes but don't wear them much. See this sport coat I'm wearing? Cost 26 bucks six years ago." (*Continued on next page*)



Dale proposed to Jackie the second time they dated, and they were married a month later. But a weekend was all the time Dale could spare for a wedding trip, so they're looking forward to a honeymoon!

he's going that-a-way! continued

Dale stays out of night clubs and fashionable hotels and wears a suit only on very special occasions such as his marriage. I'll probably wear one for the baby's baptism, too," he adds. (The Robertson's first baby is expected in June.) "Only there's not going to be any re-modeling around my house when the baby comes. We live in a tract house, one of those three-bedroom stucco jobs, kind of cocoa-colored, and I pay $58 a month rent. Bought the place under the G.I. bill, nothing down, four per-cent interest for 25 years. It's out in a place called Reseda, and it takes me exactly 35 minutes to get to the studio. My wife, Jackie, does all the cooking and cleaning. We have no maid, and I don't imagine we'll have a nurse, either. Biggest expense is to board the horses, but they make it back working in pictures."

Dale Robertson is an old horse-lover. He has five of them fattening up at Dick Dixon's Boarding Stable in Hollywood. And he has 24 other horses quartered on the ranch of Tex Newsome, a friend in Stillwater, Oklahoma.

"I'm in the movies for one reason," Dale explains. "Want to get enough money to buy a ranch."

Dale's mother says, "That boy isn't fooling, either. His lifetime ambition has been to own a ranch and become an Oklahoma cowboy. Even when he (*Continued on page 81*)

EVEN AS A YOUNGSTER, DALE WAS PRETTY



At 18 months, Dale bore the fancy moniker of Dayle LyMoine Robertson. The name came from a heroine, Kay LyMoine, who appeared in a novel that his mother had once read.



The snappy shoes and fashionable linen knickers Dale wears here are the result of his aunts' attempts to make a little gentleman out of him. Even at 10, Dale wanted to rebel.



Dale studied the violin for years just to please his aunts. But it finally paid off when he entered Oklahoma Military Academy and played fiddle in the band. (He's at extreme right.)

DETERMINED. HIS AUNTS WANTED HIM IN FANCY-PANTS, BUT COWBOY BOOTS HAD ALREADY WON HIS HEART.



Will Rogers, who once met Dale when he was a youngster, suggested: "Let me give him a screen test." But mother refused, thought he belonged home.



But no one could make a sissy out of him! He discarded fancy clothes as soon as he could and started acting rugged—even climbed Pike's Peak at 14.



Dale hasn't bought many new clothes since he was discharged from the army in '46. (He was a 2nd Lt. at 23.) Still wears a coat he bought then for $26.



Dale's a horse-and-dog lover, says he's in Hollywood for one reason: "to get enough money to buy my horses a ranch." His lifetime ambition has been to become a cowboy, although his fans are on the way to making him a movie idol.

Saturday night at

People used to sing that Saturday night was the loneliest night in the week—but not at Debbie's house, where everybody joins in making fudge and whoopee!

■ It was Debbie Reynolds to Bob Wagner on the phone. "Oh, lucky boy," she crooned. "I'll pick you up at half-past-eight, and don't forget to wear an apron." This invitation left Bob slightly confused, but not for many days, because that Saturday night Debbie was honking for him at the curb, and when he'd hopped into her jalopy she explained. "It's a turnabout party. You know—the men do all the work and the women have all the fun."

"I'm not coming," said Bob, but in a flash, he was at Debbie's place, staring into the woe-begone faces of Dick Anderson and Jeff Hunter. Dawn Addams, Barbara Rush (Jeff's wife) and Jeanette Johnson were grinning diabolically. "Nice to see you, Bob," said Dawn. "Got your cookbook?"

"I just remembered," said Bob. "I have a date with my dentist."

"Too late," giggled Debbie. "It's the galley for you. And while you're dreaming up something delectable we'll loll around."

The men went into a huddle. Maybe

Debbie's turnabout party got off with a giggle, dissolved into laughs. Only time the guests stopped talking was when they started eating.



Debbie's

they'd been taken (and wrapped up in white and popped into chef's caps) but they weren't beaten!

"What's easy?" murmured Dick.

"Sliced bananas," said Bob. "A snap."

"Oh," said Debbie, "I'm so hungry. I'd really go for filet mignon and Caesar salad."

"Would you go to Dave Chasen's?" asked Jeff. "I'll reserve a table."

"None of that," said Debbie. "You serve it, I'll eat it. But hurry!"

By this time Dick was halfway into the refrigerator. "I've got it!" he cried. "We'll start with ice cream. Delicious. Especially with pineapple sauce—canned."

"A mastermind," said Bob, admiringly.

"We'll *end* with ice cream," said Dawn Addams. "What's the main course?"

"Chop suey!" Dick exclaimed. "A child could make it! All he needs is a box of Chinese noodles and a little imagination."

"And a pot," added Debbie, presenting him with one the size of a bathtub.

"Dick plunked it on the stove. "Soy sauce!" he cried. "Celery! Rice! Mushrooms! Fast!" The girls scurried around following orders.

"*That* is chop suey?" asked Dawn.

"The best," said Dick. "Nothing but the best for you."

"What can no party be without?" Jeff asked suddenly.

"Guests," chirped his wife, Barbara.

"Fudge," said Jeff, "Creamy, delicious fudge. *I'll* make it. Do you have some cream cheese, Debbie?" (*Continued on next page*)



Holding her nose delicately, Dawn pooh-poohs Dick's chop suey. Once she got a taste of it, she changed her mind and cleaned the plate!



The "Philly" fudge recipe (*see next page*) was so easy that Jeff and Dick, who didn't know a ladle from a strainer, acted just like experts.



Barbara and Debbie dish out the toasted noodles while the boys give their chop suey a final once-over.



The fudge was all gone by the time Debbie's friend Jeannette Johnson got to it, but there were still plenty of laughs, and a coke or two.



After food came billiards for Dawn (see her in MGM's *Hour of 13*) and Dick (of MGM's *Just This Once*). Dick made the chop suey!



Bob (of *With A Song In My Heart*) led Debbie to drink! Her latest hit is *Singin' In The Rain.*

The fudge went like lightning when Debbie passed it around to Jeff Hunter (of *Belles On Their Toes*), his wife, Barbara, Bob, Dawn, Dick. Later, Deb ended up the turnabout party by driving Bob home in her 1929 Ford (*right*).

saturday night at debbie's continued

"Sure," said Debbie, dipping into the refrigerator and handing out a package. "From Philadelphia. Imported."

"Dick," directed Jeff, "melt some chocolate. Dawn—chop the pecans. Debbie—out of my way."

"It had better be good," warned Debbie. "That cheese was going to be my Sunday lunch."

But Jeff was concentrating—mixing, blending. "On second thought," he said, "you eat chop suey. I'll take fudge."

As it turned out, they all took everything.

"Maybe it's not chop suey," said Dawn, eating it gingerly. "Was the recipe in the original chinese?"

"Try the fudge," said Jeff.

"Go away," moaned Dawn. But Debbie was game. So were Barbara and the chefs. "Delicious," they chorused.

"I'll have some," said Jeanette. But she was too late.

After the food came billiards, music and a lot of talk. And the hours flew by. "Okay," said Debbie wearily. "I guess we'll take you guys home—or your mothers'll worry."

"Do we *have* to?" asked Dawn.

"Turnabout," grinned Dick Anderson. "And I may even let you kiss me goodnight!"

So Dawn took him home—and he did. THE END

DEBBIE'S "PHILLY" FUDGE

1 3-oz. pkg. Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese (or 6 level tbsps. from the ½-lb. pkg.)
2 cups sifted confectioners' sugar
2 1-oz. squares melted unsweetened chocolate
¼ teaspoon vanilla
Dash of salt
½ cup chopped pecans

■ *Place cheese in bowl and cream it until soft. Blend in sugar slowly. Add melted chocolate. Mix well. Add vanilla, salt and pecans; mix until well blended. Press into well-greased pan. Place in refrigerator until firm (about 15 minutes). Cut into squares. (For softer fudge, blend 1 tsp. cream.) Recipe can be revised for Maple, Almond, Coconut, or Peanut Butter Philly-fudge.*

"I look for real quality in my dogs and guns—and in my cigarette. That's why I smoke extra-mild FATIMAS. You'll like them too."

Paul Henry

NOTED SPORTSMAN—ENGINEER

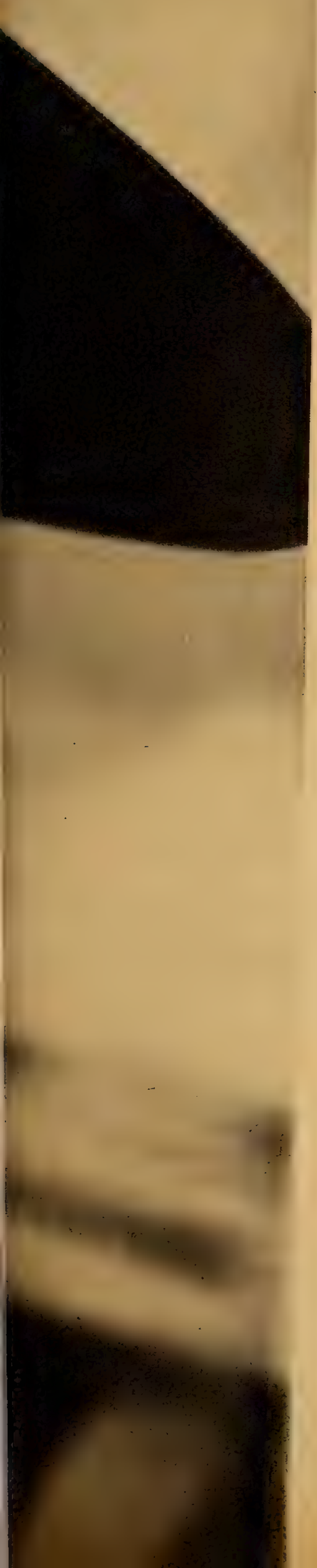
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THE BEAUTIFUL BRAIN TRUST

Hollywood likes 'em pretty and never mind the brain—so Jeanne Crain thought she'd play it smart by acting dumb. She did so well she almost fooled herself!

BY FRANCES CLARK

■ When George Nader, a young actor whom Jeanne Crain discovered, was being interviewed recently for facts about his life, he pulled an unusual switch. He didn't want to talk about himself. He wanted to talk about Jeanne. "She's so intelligent!" he exclaimed. "Bring up any subject—art, music, literature, philosophy, anything—and she'll know how to talk about it. A couple of times I thought I'd outsmart her—boned up on something obscure and sprung it on her. She sprung right back with an answer. What a woman!"

George Nader doesn't stand alone in his ecstatic admiration. Everyone in Hollywood —including those important people who cast the movies—are beginning to realize that the girl Jeanne used to be—the ever-sweet ingenue with nothing but light, gay thoughts in her pretty head, isn't there anymore. Jeanne has emerged as a beautiful, mature woman, and, as if this weren't enough, she's revealed a brain with a special glow of its own.

You may wonder how it happened, how such a radical change could occur. Well, to reverse the self-descriptive phrase of another Hollywood beauty, you can say that until recently Jeanne has outwardly appeared as little more than a charming child, while inwardly she has had the emotions of a woman. It just took a little doing to coax her hidden talents to the surface.

For a while those (*Continued on page 94*)



NEW

Lady Wildroot

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makes your hair behave!

Has your hair lost its sparkle? Is it dry, stiff and hard to manage? To make it behave, rub a few drops of Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing on those fuzzy-wuzzy ends!

Is your hair dry, brittle?

Just pat a few drops of Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing along the part, at the temples, on the ends . . . and then brush for a neat, natural look.

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Pour a few drops of Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing on your fingertips and massage your scalp gently. You'll love the way it makes your scalp relax . . . feel so good!

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Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing is made especially for women's hair. It contains lanolin and cholesterol to soften dry ends, give hair body, gleam . . . make it behave. It's delicately perfumed for an extra touch of femininity.



Personal size 50¢
Dressing-table size $1.00
(plus tax)

P. S. *For a shampoo that* gleams *as it* cleans,
try new WILDROOT LIQUID CREAM SHAMPOO.

if he were only single

(*Continued from page 47*) But that's just the point—he isn't.

In fact, the tall, pretty gal who smiled contentedly and whisked Ricardo off home got him before Hollywood did—and that could be one reason why Ricardo's a domesticated screen romancer, and also a conflicting blend of North-and-South-of-the-border traits.

Ricardo's Castilian Spanish is a melodiously perfect thing to hear—yet his English is slangily native. He's a typical American husband who forgets his wedding anniversary, yet if he's away from home even overnight Georgiana gets purple passage telegrams that make the Western Union girls giggle. He lets his wife buy his ties and banish him to the bathroom to plunk his guitar, yet he disdainfully refuses to step a foot in the kitchen—no place for a *caballero*. He rules his children with austere Spanish discipline, yet he dolls them out in "Hoppy" rigs and grins indulgently when they rip up the rugs. The girls, Laura and Anita, could be dusky cherubs in a Velasquez canvas, but tow-headed Mark might be a farm kid from Kansas.

Ricardo worries about the high cost of living and taxes, still he brings home extravagant trinkets like solid gold manicure sets for Georgie. He's emotionally moved to tears by a bull fight, but yells "Murder the bum!" like any home grown fight fan at a boxing bout. He greets everyone he knows—male or female—with a rib crushing *embraco,* yet he blushes like a country boy when actresses call him "Honey." He likes the correct wine with his meals, but orders hamburgers with the works when he lunches out.

This man-of-two-worlds makeup puzzles most of the people Ricardo meets in Hollywood, but it doesn't seem strange at all to Ricardo—and with good reason. He's been shuttling back and forth between Mexico and the U.S.A. ever since he was out of knee pants and while officially a Mexican citizen, he couldn't truthfully tell you which place is home, although his *afficionados* down South sure can. It was almost an international incident when he deserted Mexican films for Hollywood and they still rumble resentfully down there. As one fiery critic at the time wrote—"The *Yanquis* take everything. First the silver, then the oil and now Ricardo Montalban!"

That good neighborly piracy took place back in 1944. It was in Mexico City that Jack Cummings, an MGM producer, arrived on a very special mission hunting a very special man. He looked up his old friend, Norman Foster, who was directing movies down there.

"Norm," he said, "I want the best looking, sexiest, most graceful and dashing actor in Mexico who can play a bullfighter with Esther Williams in *Fiesta.* He's got to be—"

"Come on-a my house," interrupted Norm. "Got something to show you."

What Norm had to show were a flock of films he'd made with Ricardo—some of them bullfighters—but after a couple Jack Cummings didn't need to see any more. "That's my boy!" he said. "Where is he?"

"Oh, a few blocks from you."

"Well, call him—get him over here!" demanded Jack, but Norm shook his head.

"I can't. I mean, he's a few blocks from you—in Hollywood. He's just married my sister-in-law, Georgiana."

Norm didn't explain the *way* Ricardo had married her, which was romantically Latin. Only two weeks after they'd met they'd eloped secretly to Tijuana, Mexico. Then, taking Georgie back to Hollywood,

he raced off to Mexico City, to make a film to support her. This was after a two day honeymoon! When Ricardo headed stateside again and blessed the union properly in the Catholic church of their faiths, Georgie was pregnant and the altar boys gave the bride and groom questioning stares. "It was a little embarrassing for everyone concerned," Ricardo allows.

But even then Ricardo chased back to Mexico for another picture, came home to Hollywood again just a week before his baby, Laura, was born. And after a while he took Georgie on a belated honeymoon to—Acapulco, Mexico! Right at this moment, after a stretch in Hollywood, he ought to be down Mexico way making *Mexican Village* with his brother-in-law, Norman Foster.

All this international commuting is strictly okay with Montalban. He loves both countries and both ways of life passionately. He has strong family ties and fervent fans in both places, and a career, too, in either climate if he wants it. In fact, he can make more money today in income tax-free Mexico than he can where Uncle Sam takes his cut, although he's not thinking of reversing the deal. But sometimes he admits "I feel like a jumping bean"—the way his double track, back-and-forth life has gone and keeps on going.

It started November 25, 1920, in Mexico City where his parents, Ricardo and Jenara Montalban, had emigrated from Castile. The Montalbans are of aristocratic lineage, descended from the Conte de Montalban, which means roughly "White Mountain." Being a textile man, *Senor* Montalban soon gravitated to what Mexicans call "Land of the White Gold"—the cotton country around Torreon farther North. That's where Ricardo, the baby of the family, grew up—a brown-eyed, sensitive almost too-beautiful boy.

At the Torreon school, where he went until he was 14, it was all right, but when he came to the States to school, Ricardo was a tempting target. He spoke the elegant Castile brand of Spanish, unlike his schoolmates, and his parents togged him out in traditionally tailored Spanish outfits—short pants, wool hose, coat, white collar, and beret. After getting them ripped off a few times Ricardo begged his folks for a change but it was no go.

"They were traditional people," he explains, "And I was like the American boy beginning his school days and a friend told his father, 'Now that your son's starting school, you ought to buy him an Encyclopedia.' 'The hell with him,' replied the father. 'Let him walk to school like I did!' "

So he had to take it, but summers, on his dad's *rancho*, he practically grew up on horseback, and spent his days hunting rattlesnakes. He bagged and skinned about 30, and finally grew into a wiry, muscular kid who could rattle off the local lingo and handle himself in a scrap. He still can, as you know if you saw him throw leather in *Right Cross*. But when he was packed off to the *Ecole Francais* in Mexico City, all this country culture made the city kids size him up as a hick. And because he had a high uncontrollable cowlick which made his noggin shape up like a dirigible, they tagged him "Zeppelin."

"Zep" Montalban wasn't too happy as an *Ecole internado*. In fact, most of his life, Ricardo's been some kind of a Displaced Person, until now he's used to it. "All my life I've had to go all out to make friends," he says a little wistfully. But before he really had a chance to get adjusted at the Catholic *Ecole Francais*, the church-baiting Cardenas regime closed it down.

Back in Torreon, Ricardo was placed in a business school and because he was sharp

(*Continued on page 66*)



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Wildroot is a *soapless shampoo*, a deep cleanser that floods away loose dandruff, cuts grease and grime without drying up precious natural oils.

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Wildroot Liquid Cream Shampoo leaves hair so clean, so springy, so manageable that a set seems to fall into place. Lathers in hardest water. Needs no special rinse.

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Whether your hair is dry or oily, baby soft or wiry, blond or brunette, try Wildroot Liquid Cream Shampoo *just once*, and you'll agree it's *right* for your hair . . . *good* for your hair. Remember, it contains soothing lanolin.



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29¢ 59¢ 98¢

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P. S. *To keep hair neat between shampoos use Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing*

During the dark hours of war in Italy, faith walked beside me like a devoted friend. I learned then to live without fear.

I live with prayer

by Piera Angeli



■ If it were not that I had within me a comfort, a way of knowing what my life is and what I must do with it, I would be in much trouble now with my family.

Supposing in Italy I wrote that I was 19 and had never been on a date without a chaperon—it would not be considered unusual at all. This would be true of a lot of unmarried girls there of that age. In this country I know that it will be a little hard to believe and many girls will feel sorry for me. I know they consider me something like a freak—it comes out in their eyes, and in the eyes of boys, too, when they meet me and hear about it.

I watch from my windows and I can see how here the boy drives up in front of a girl's house and blows his horn . . . and pretty soon she comes dancing out and they drive away to the beach to spend the whole day together. I see them in cars at night, the boy in tuxedo and the girl in something special. That's pretty nice. Don't think I wouldn't like it. But I do not let myself get desperate and defy my mother. To want something is not sufficient reason for having it in the way I have lived . . . and I have long ago chosen to live in the church.

The church does not say I must agree with my mother. I do not in this instance. I say to her that 25 mothers would not keep a girl proper if she did not want to be proper. And she could live in the middle of an army camp and not be bad if she were really good. But the (*Continued on page 85*)

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if he were only single

(*Continued from page 63*) at mathematics, headed for an accountant's career in commerce. But that didn't take, so his dad planted him in a dry goods store owned by a friend. "For 40 pesos a month," Ricardo remembers, "I almost went nuts, taking inventories, filling orders and pasting labels on packages." A year and a half later he was up to 75 pesos, but the letters he wrote to his big brother, "Chu-Chu," in Hollywood grew increasingly desperate. And Chu-Chu was a kindred rebel soul.

At that point, Carlos Montalban, as the family knew Chu-Chu, was plugging Carta Blanca beer in Hollywood. But before that, he'd tried a fling at a movie career himself, although he never got the real break he wanted and was a little bitter about it. When he drove down to Torreon and brought his little brother up to live with him and try some American schools, the whole idea was like Heaven opening up to Ricardo. He didn't have his eyes on Hollywood fame, exactly, but "I was a terrific movie fan," he confesses "and everything I saw about America I worshipped—the streets, the houses, the people, the pretty girls—ah, those girls!"

He met them at Belmont High and then Fairfax High in Los Angeles, where he also picked up the American language and customs and something else just as important—a crystal clear idea of what he wanted to do. That happened through some school plays, one of which, *Tovarich*, moved an MGM talent scout to offer a screen test. But Carlos vetoed that idea pronto, clear from New York, where he'd gone with the beer business, leaving Ricardo with a family friend.

"Over my dead body," Chu-Chu replied to the news. "They won't do to you what they did to me in Hollywood. Get graduated and then come back here where I can keep an eye on you." Which is what Ricardo did, dutifully, although packing an idea along that his brother didn't know about, but soon discovered. It was Broadway and acting, of course, and when Ricardo tearfully spilled his ambitions, Chu-Chu remembered the same youthful symptoms and relented.

But Broadway wasn't such a soft touch. It never is. And Ricardo Montalban's saga there was the same old story. A good-looking, eager-eyed guy, like a thousand others, with nothing to sell but youth and those looks—and him a foreigner besides. Luckily, he had a place to sleep and enough to eat but his feet got sore and his pants glossy just the same, pounding the pavements, climbing stairs and sitting hours in offices until people barked "Good-bye, now. Don't call us—we'll call you"—but never did. That's when he took those extra jobs in "soundies," at the Edison Studios on Long Island, "which," Ricardo points out, "is just about as low as you can get in show business, isn't it?"

He promoted a few stage bits at last—one as a butler in *Nancy's Private Affair* and another in *My Sister Eileen*. Then one day an agent lifted the telephone receiver in his office where Ricardo was parked, "at liberty" as usual.

"Yes," he said. "I see—I see. I'll be right over." He turned to Ricardo, "Come on," he said, "you go, too." He didn't say where but when they opened the door in a swank Eastside apartment building there was Tallulah Bankhead with a long cigarette holder, a frown and a pet lion cub.

"Dahling," she cried, slapping her brow. "You've got to get me a new man. I tell you, the boy you sent is horrible. He can't even remember his lines. Get me somebody else—anybody and right now."

"How about Montalban here?" suggested the agent, motioning to Rick.

"Sit down," waved Tallulah and Ricardo did. The lion bounded over and bit him on the foot, tearing his shoe, which was a touch of tragedy, because it was the only pair he had. La Bankhead ignored this and so did Ricardo—he smelled a job. "Can you remember lines?" she demanded. "Dahling—all I ask is that you remember lines!"

He got the job—a croupier in *Her Cardboard Lover* starting the next night. So he went home with his "sides" and stayed up all night, swilling coffee to learn them. Then he slept through the day and hustled over to the theater—no rehearsal, and he'd forgotten to shave. They practically pushed him out on the stage when his cue came, with Tallulah frowning in the other wing. On stage, Ricardo blanked out in terror. Maybe it was all of 15 seconds, but it seemed like an hour to him. He stared at the audience, they laughed. Then the lights flashed on again in his brain. There wasn't anything to it. "Very nice, Dahling," said Tallu, "but don't try to pinch my scenes with those goo-goo eyes again. And, by the way, tomorrow night—would you like to borrow my razor?"

She was nice to him from then on, gave him tips, polished him up, even took him out to Coney Island for some lovey-dovey publicity poses. Next summer Ricardo did stock in Maine, came back to Broadway for a nice comedy hit in *Our Betters* and made a test. But he never learned how it came out and still doesn't know. Because about then there was a call from Torreon. "Mother's very ill, an operation. Get packed," said Carlos. And Ricardo was back where he started from.

WELL, to tuck up a tale, that anxious homecoming is why Ricardo is where he is and what he is today. After his mother was out of danger, he went down to Mexico City for a look at the new movie industry which was having a boom. The minute he stepped on a set he was snapped up for a part in *Five Were Chosen*, playing a soldier boy with Maria Elena Marques, later Gable's Indian girlfriend in *Across The Wide Missouri*. In his very first screen job Ricardo made the senoritas swoon. But it was *Santa*, the second, that really counted—in more ways than one. Because Norman Foster directed that and Norm's wife is Sally Blane, one of the beautiful Hollywood tribe of young sisters which includes Loretta Young—and Georgiana.

"I'd never seen anything like Ricardo," Norman recalls today. "He had the boyish charm and beauty that Ty Power started with and the sex appeal of a young Gable. He was all I had dreamed of being when I was an actor—and I wanted to make him be what I never was." After *Santa* they teamed up for a parade of Mexican hits until *muchachas* actually slept on the doorstep of his apartment and pelted him with flowers in the street. Norm thought this was wonderful but his wife, Sally, thought it was a shame. She had a better idea which she sat down and wrote to Georgiana back in Hollywood.

"I have your husband all picked out for you, Darling," she scribbled. But Georgie wrote back, "—no thanks, no romantic Spaniards for me. I've already got me a nice solid American guy." So Sally worked it the other way round. She told Ricardo, "Look—I've got only one unmarried sister left—and you've just got to be in the family!"

"I would love to meet her," Montalban replied gallantly.

"You will," grinned Norm Foster. "Sally'll see to that. You haven't got a chance with that Young gang." Which was very true talk, because if ever a Cupid levelled down with dead aim, Sally did.

Next time the Fosters went North, Ricardo went too and Sally didn't even risk letting her prize run loose at a hotel—she routed him right to the guest room of her sister Polly Ann's house, set up a date with Georgie the first day and kept a sharp eye on the proceedings. It looked pretty good when, after their luncheon date, Ricardo strolled Georgie over to Saks Beverly and bought her two cashmere sweaters. But there were some hitches. Georgie still had that nice solid American guy. Sally thought she knew how to break that up. She knew what a wonderful dancer Georgie was and how she loved it. She made reservations for two at Mocambo. When you dance with Ricardo Montalban and your heart's not completely lassoed, something's bound to give. Georgie's heart did, faster than Sally suspected. In fact, Sally didn't even know they'd gotten married until both she and Ricardo were back on a set in Mexico City, and then her match-making triumph was tarnished somewhat by an interesting tale Ricardo told and still tells—

He says that years ago in New York he clipped a picture of Georgie out of Harper's Bazaar (she was a model) and carried it next to his heart all those years not knowing who she was. Ricardo swears it's true but Georgie still has some doubts. When she asked for the cherished clipping, Ricardo produced all right, but another tumbled out of his wallet at the same time.

"Ginger Rogers," smiles Georgie. "I think he had an album of dream girls, if you ask me."

In any event, today the Montalbans, seven years married, are still one of those blissful couples who restore your faith in Hollywood marriages, although that marriage got off to such a crazy start. And even the second time, after doing it right

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You'll be startled when you see these models—so true to life they almost breathe. They were created, through the cooperation of MODERN SCREEN, *by famous sculptress Katherine Stubergh, who for years has specialized in producing famous faces and figures in wax.*

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Thalhimer's, Richmond, Va.	Apr. 27-May 3
Hecht Company, Wash., D.C.	May 11-17
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Jordan Marsh, Boston, Mass.	June 22-28
Gertz, Jamaica, Long Island	July 6-12
Lazarus Co., Columbus, Ohio	July 21-26

religiously, there was a slight complication.

Georgie's mother, Mrs. Belzer, gave them her apartment in Westwood to start housekeeping. She's a busy decorator and inclined to move things in and out. So when they came home that night—well—there wasn't any bed.

"A fine thing," cried Ricardo. "Even after I marry you in the church your mother moves out the bed!"

By now Ricardo and Georgie have a big Monterey style house—with beds, and with children—Laura, Mark and Anita, six, four and two. And there'll be another Montalban (Phillip, if it's a boy), sometime in April. Most of Ricardo's private life revolves around his home and children.

In some ways, the protracted holidays between film assignments are a blessing to the private life of the Montalbans and in others an ordeal. Ricardo is wound up like a two-dollar watch. As his pal, Jimmy Whitmore, puts it, "He always acts as if he's running a temperature of 102!" When he isn't working to earn his pay, Ricardo growls, "I feel like a kept man!"

To ease his conscience and calm his ambition to "grow as an actor" Ricardo shows up every day at the studio, work-or-not, still ironing out traces of accent with coach Gertrude Fogeler, or rehearsing with the new kids on the lot. There isn't a starlet signed at Metro in the past two years that he hasn't helped with a test, just because he likes to. With Jim Whitmore and some of those young actors and actresses he's formed an experimental group to cook up plays for their own amusement and training. But that leaves a lot of Ricardo's nervous energies still to burn.

So if he isn't splashing in some friend's swimming pool or lacing a tennis ball, he's banging his guitar or restlessly snatching any loose gadget he can get his hands on around the house to take apart and put together again. He grinds out Spanish music constantly—he has his set of Mexican records and Georgie hers, the Yankee swing kind. But in either case, like as not whatever Mrs. Montalban finds herself doing, she'll be swept soon or later into a rhumba or tango right in the living room even if she has a broom in her hand.

At such times, in self-defense, she suggests a movie—even in broad daylight, knowing perfectly well that it might wind up three movies, or maybe four, as happened not long ago, starting at 11 in the morning and carrying through the night. Then there are drives and picnics to fall back on with the kids and if the family can't join him Ricardo roars off to the beach and storms up and down the surf alone to work off an explosive energy that as Georgie laughs, "leaves the Montalbans without fear of an atomic bomb. We've already got one."

What works best to relax Ricardo is a strenuous physical exercise, and curiously now that's doctor's orders—ever since a bronco he was riding on location for *Across The Wide Missouri* bucked and slammed him down with a rock under his spine. It raised a painful bump and right after that Ricardo's left leg began to act up. It's still partly numb here and there and he can't use it in some postures. What's more, the doctors have told him unless he exercises it faithfully and long every day, it might wind up paralyzed. So now there's a weight lifting session at the gym, and corrective calisthentics, working or not. That takes care of some excess steam, besides keeping every one of that beautiful "symphony of muscles," as one smitten fan describes them, oiled and in top trim.

However, the accident hasn't kept Ricardo and Georgie from their favorite family sport—dancing—although with the multiplying brood they don't get around much

VIRGINIA MAYO, co-starring in Warner Bros. "SHE'S WORKING HER WAY THROUGH COLLEGE"—Color by Technicolor



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You, too, like Virginia Mayo, will notice a glorious difference in your hair after a Lustre-Creme shampoo. Under the spell of its lanolin-blessed lather, your hair shines, behaves, is eager to curl. Hair dulled by soap abuse ... dusty with dandruff, now is fragrantly clean. Hair robbed of its natural sheen now glows with renewed highlights.

Lathers lavishly in hardest water ... needs no special after-rinse.

No other cream shampoo in all the world is as popular as Lustre-Creme. For hair that behaves like the angels and shines like the stars ... ask for Lustre-Creme Shampoo.



The beauty-blend cream shampoo with LANOLIN. Jars or tubes, 27¢ to $2.

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with the gay set these days. Usually it's dinner and an evening of canasta (they introduced that Argentine card craze to Hollywood and are experts) with the friends they see most—Jim and Nancy Whitmore, Marsh and Barbara Thompson, and Geary Steffen and Jane Powell. And then there's the clannish, close knit Young family, five couples and 15 kids, with birthdays, anniversaries and something going every holiday of the year and in between.

At a recent Thanksgiving dinner, Loretta wrote out the place cards for all of the clan: "Dear Lord, thank you for Sally and her sympathy." And another "Dear Lord, thank You for Georgie and her humor." But for Georgie's husband Loretta wrote, "Dear Lord, thank You for Ricardo and his wonderful warmth."

That's one way, and a sincere one, of saying what Ricardo Montalban does to everyone who catches a spark of his charm, close at hand.

Last year, down in Puerto Rico, on a flying Film Festival jaunt, Ricardo and Georgie were riding through the streets of San Juan and most of its population turned out to see the famous Hollywood stars. There were cheers for them all—but when Ricardo rolled by a girl screamed a remark in Spanish that set the crowd roaring.

"What did she say?" Georgie asked Ricardo.

Ricardo grinned, "You really want to know?" Georgie really did.

"She said," Ricardo blushed, "'Oh, you beautiful gumdrop, you!'" THE END

(Ricardo Montalban can soon be seen in MGM's The Story Of Three Loves.—*Ed.)*

little miss lonely heart

(*Continued from page 38*) for Claudette Colbert wasn't one that she could step into overnight.

Ann was too gentle to announce that for her, the part had to be younger—but presto, it was rewritten younger.

The film, with Robert Mitchum in the male lead, was shooting up in cold, mountainous country. Ann murmured something about its being inaccessible. Immediately a Hughes plane was at her service, with Mr. Hughes standing by to fly it.

Ann smiled gratefully. This was all so charming and thoughtful but the truth was that she was tired. She'd been working steadily. The "loanout" money she would earn from *The Korean Story* wouldn't come to her but to her studio, Universal-International. This extra picture, therefore, would mean no profit.

So Mr. Hughes gave her a swimming pool. Then it seemed she'd be needed a week earlier than she'd thought—so she got the Cadillac.

Then, of course, as Ann always does, she went in and gave a great performance. She has never been a veteran's wife, but then, she has never been a suspected murderess which she played in *Thunder On The Hill* or Caruso's wife, or anything at all like Veda Pierce, who chopped up life so terribly for her mother, Mildred. But Ann, always sensitive and very wise can portray other people's emotions, and she can transmute some of the unhappiness she felt as a very little child, into a flawless acting job.

ROBERT MITCHUM, came away from the production full of respect for Ann, and few people really earn his respect. Hughes came away singing her praises and so did the director. As for Universal-International—who got her when she was 14, with nine solid years of acting triumphs behind her—they were prouder than ever. Yet this time their pride had a new basis; they realized that this "loanout" represented a new side of Ann. To put it bluntly, it was the first time Ann had shown that she was aware of herself as an important star, and had negotiated in a most ladylike way, a very smart deal for herself.

Now, if to top this, she would just fall in love with a millionaire, or even a hundred-thousand-dollar-man, her studio would go berserk with happiness. But there's the rub. Ann doesn't fall in love with anybody. On-screen she is fiery, passionate and beautiful. Off screen she is spiritual, unaffected, and virtuous.

This is a little baffling to Hollywoodites. She could be out every night of her sweet young life, if she chose. Plenty of nice boys constantly telephone her. Plenty of not-quite-so-nice boys have telephoned her, too. Ann gives them all the same treatment. She says that she and Aunt Cis and Uncle Pat are going to be home all evening. Would the caller like to come over for some good talk, and a few records, and some especially delicious ice cream?

One evening a particularly bold young man-about-town turned up at her house, unannounced and definitely uninvited. He bore long-stemmed roses, and his convertible, at the curb, was nearly as long as Ann's whole house. But her Uncle Pat told him off so fast that he left in ten seconds flat. With the roses.

When Ann does date it is with Dick Clayton, whom she has known since they were both kids in the Professional Children's School in New York. Or whenever he's in town on furlough, she goes out with Dick Long, her friend of nine years' standing, or Roddy MacDowall, who was a child star when she was. Even Scott Brady, with whom Ann went to the Press Photographers' Ball as Sadie Thompson, the shady lady, was driven to writing high-flown poetry about her. Ordinarily, as Scott would be the last to deny, he just has that certain gleam in his eye when he looks at a beautiful girl. With Ann, he became reverent.

Add all that together and you haven't even the vestige of romance. Yet to be 23 and beautiful and visibly emotional and not have romance . . . what goes?

I put the question bluntly to Ann one rainy, spring day recently. She had just finished *The World In His Arms* with Gregory Peck.

She said, speaking thoughtfully, as she always does, "I don't blame Hollywood for hunting a romance in my life. Any girl like myself, who's become a public character through her work, gets dreamed into a plot." She smiled. "I do want to be a typical heroine in real life, eventually. Sometime, and soon, I hope, I want to marry and I very much want children. But now. . ." she paused, thinking it through. Then after a long silence, she burst out laughing. "I never realized this before but maybe I've got the answer to why I haven't fallen in love," she said. "It isn't that I put my career first. I've been working ever since I was five, so I'm used to that. But through my work, I get the chance to blow off all the emotions that many girls store up in day dreams.

"Take the dream of traveling, for instance. My work sent me to England, and gave me the chance to go to Ireland. It let me meet President Roosevelt and gave me the opportunity to get to Rome and have an audience with His Holiness, the Pope. My whole life will be enriched by those meetings."

She paused again, thoughtfully. "I know that the emotions I experience in love scenes are vicarious," she said. "I even realize it is learning about life vicariously, but still for the moment I *do* experience emotion, and through script writers and the like I certainly have encountered some extraordinary points of view."

"Lately you have been wildly vicarious then," I said. "To jump from that undressed lady of the Crusades in *The Golden Horde* to anything so modern as a young veteran's wife in *The Korean Story* and then to being a Russian Countess in Gregory Peck's arms takes a bit of doing."

"A bit of dressing, too," said Ann. "Those clothes I wore in my scenes with Greg really thrilled me."

"And heaven help the average boy," I said, "who, on a date with you, has to compete with the polished speeches that Greg or Mario Lanza or Bob Mitchum make to you in your love scenes."

"Oh, now," said Ann, in gentle reproof. Then she grinned. "I would like to meet the man who could compete with all that." Again she paused, and her mood changed. "Something seems to hold me back," she said. Could it be the lack of a very superior, intelligent, subtle, handsome man? Until such a man (if such a man exists) comes along Ann will go on being warm—but impersonal. This seems likely, for Ann Blyth is Hollywood's true "good" girl and the whole town loves her for it.

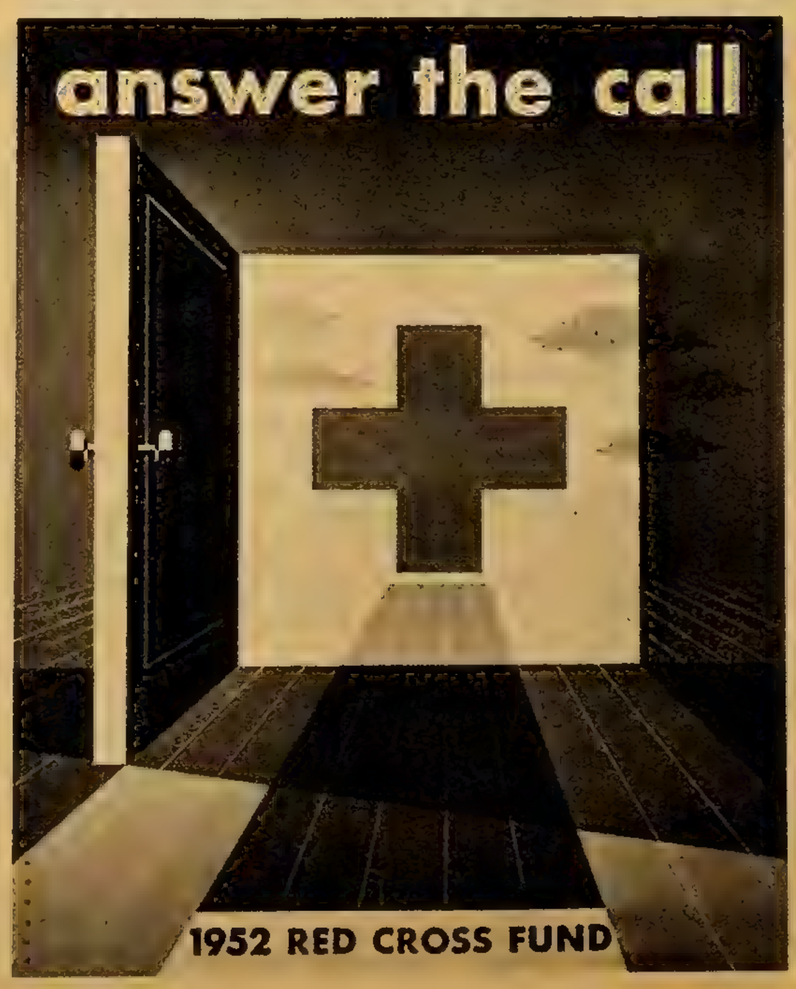
One day recently a gown had been designed for Ann which she didn't like. Typically, she didn't rant or make faces. She just walked quietly away from wardrobe, visibly downcast.

Immediately the whole place was in an uproar, and two days later, she has a newly-designed gown. This time, when it was shown to her, Ann beamed, "Oh, aren't you good to me? Aren't you good to me?"

The difference between Ann Blyth of today and the child of yesterday is that now she is mature enough to know that her consideration produces this result with people. Her strength is that she is wise enough not to use this power except subtly.

For the moment, her life is full but not fulfilled. But when a man comes into her life, who is neither wolf nor saint, but very strong, richly human and understanding, then watch this Little Miss Lonely Heart! She'll know how to turn romance into a wonderful, real-life story.

THE END



"Longest split-second of my life!"

"I had to hold this 'fast action' trapeze shot for what seemed hours," Betty Hutton explained, "and repeat the pose again and again with the ropes chafing my hands. You can easily imagine how red and raw and sore that left them!



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PENNY-WISE, GLAMOR-MAD!

JOAN EVANS GREETS SPRING IN THE NEWEST HIT OF THE SEASON

A "flight of fancy" was the inspiration for this Henry Rosenfeld gold pima cotton dress* with red chevron embroidery—it was inspired by the gay and ingenious packaging of the Bristol-Myers gold and red Ipana toothpaste carton. Sizes 10-18. Gold and red only. About $15. By Henry Rosenfeld. Joan accents the dress with a red handbag and red gloves (held securely in Abon's clever glove ring—$1). The one-strap red kidskin shoes with Little Louis heel are by Valentines. About $11. Joan, a Samuel Goldwyn star, is now appearing in MGM's *Skirts Ahoy!*

MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS CAN BE BOUGHT FROM THE STORES LISTED ON PAGE 77; IN PERSON OR BY MAIL

In This Issue:
Gotham Gold Stripe Hosiery
I & M Petticoats
Ledo Jewelry

**See this dress on CBS-TV's Break The Bank*

modern
screen
fashions

in hollywood



modern screen fashions in hollywood

Sally Forrest, a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star, wears a lively, lovely one-piece halter-top dress of "zebra" striped cotton (an exclusive fabric design with McMullen). A wide patent leather belt is striking contrast to the muted grey and white stripes of the dress—a full separate organdy petticoat gives the gored skirt the new bouffant look. The dress, wonderfully washable, buttons down the front for easy ironing. Sizes 10-18. Available in grey and white stripes *only*.
About $40. By McMullen.

Penny-Wise, Glamor-Mad!



White, beloved dazzler of fashion, exquisite in a button-down-the-front sleeveless McMullen dress of Birdseye piqué worn by Nancy Gates, starred in Paramount's *Atomic City*. The full, sweeping skirt is exaggerated by a separate petticoat. Sizes 10-18. White—also in navy. About $40.



One, two, three "zip"—and you're all dressed up for sports or leisure hours in this "Jiffy-Zip", one-piece coverall of combed-yarn poplin worn by Marta Toren, appearing in Columbia's *Assignment-Paris*. Royal, gold, turquoise or coral—contrasting belt. Sizes 10-16. About $11. By Wedgewood Sports.



Vanessa Brown, now starring in the Alex Gottlieb production *The Fighter*, models a short-sleeved frock of Egyptian cotton chambray with jewel-centered buttons and a parasol skirt—vertically tucked, horizontally double-corded. Sizes 10-18. Colors: Aqua, wine or grey. About $15. By Surrey Classics.

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Penny-Wise, Glamor-Mad!



Good mixers—a Botany flannel skirt featuring unpressed pleats, a wool lace knit blouse and a checked flannel waist-length jacket—worn by Nancy Davis, appearing in MGM's *Talk About A Stranger*. "Mix and match" these separates with other favorites in your wardrobe. Sizes 10-16. Skirt—Navy or white; about $15. Blouse—Navy, white or red, about $8. Jacket—checked with navy revers or navy with checked revers, about $25. By Ciro Sportswear.



modern screen
fashions
in hollywood

A bright idea—this pert little 100% wool fleece shrug bolero jacket worn by Nancy Gates, starred in Paramount's *Atomic City*. Pop it over Spring suits and frocks—wear it all summer long, too. In pale-to-deep pastels—pink, blue, white, coral or skipper blue. Sizes 10-16. About $13. Tailored by Wedgewood Sports.

MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS CAN BE BOUGHT FROM THE STORES LISTED ON PAGE 77; IN PERSON OR BY MAIL.

Penny-Wise, Glamor-Mad!



1.

1. CLEO—tab vamp sabot sling pump of elk with medium or high wedge (also available in linen/elk combination). Solid colors or color combinations such as Smoke/turf, white/navy. $4.99. Bailey Co., Cleveland



2.

2. VENUS—a "mudguard effect" sling pump of imported linen (with medium or high wedge). Combinations such as Toast/wheat, black/white, wheat/toast, navy/white, red/navy. $3.99. May Co., Los Angeles

3.

3. SUNNY—side-strip vamp sandal of elk (ankle strap or wrap around quarter) with medium wedge. Mexican multi, brown ombre or solid colors. $4.99. J. L. Hudson, Detroit



4.

4. CARMEN—a knotted medium wedge vamp sandal in combination of elk and cape (also available in imported linen). Solid colors or combinations such as Smoke/turf, Mexican multi, light blue/navy, $4.99. Gimbel Bros., New York



5.

5. TONI—ankle strap sandal of imported linen with wide band of Milan straw trim. Medium or high wedge. Wheat/toast combination or solid colors with trim to match or contrast (Brown ombre on beige group, Mexican multi-colors on all other solid colors). $3.99. D. H. Holmes, New Orleans

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Pasadena, Calif.—I. Magnin
Phoenix, Ariz.—Goldwaters
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pretty tough

(*Continued from page 51*) matter? Was it true that his skin was as thin as an onion's, was he really hot-headed with a chip on his shoulder big as a house? Some people said he was; maybe these things proved it. But—didn't they know that for two punishing months he'd been mauled by a squad of gridiron bruisers from UCLA and Southern Cal, got a concussion and a black-and-blue body that finally earned their respect by saying nothing and taking it? Didn't he have a right to get sore at such cracks?

Most people would say that, being a movie star and a public celebrity, John Derek didn't; that he should have grinned and taken it, risen above it, brushed it off. But most people couldn't possibly realize, of course, that *Saturday's Hero* wasn't just a picture job to him. It was a painful chunk out of his life. Most people just don't know John Derek, or how he figures himself in the ride to fame that his fabulously handsome face has handed him. And that includes the people in his home town of Hollywood, who live around him and work with him and who should know better by now.

"Look, John," his drama coach, Benno Schneider, will tell him sometimes. "Take it easier. Go ahead and ham it up now and then. Don't tear yourself to pieces being so intensely honest all the time. . ."

But he can't. He's not built that way. "I can't play a part unless it's honest."

"Now this is easy—there's nothing to it," a publicity man will assure him on entering a theater. "Just go out there, say hello and talk to the folks." But suddenly he'll have a sore throat, a very real sore throat. "Are you sure they want me?"

"Of course they do!"

"Billy Eckstine's on the bill, too. They came to see him, not me." And only when they've mobbed and hugged him and roared his name does he finally believe they like him. Then he feels okay. His sore throat's gone.

"Come on, John, give us a smile," says the studio still man. "Got your curls in place?"

"Yeah—I just had my Toni," answers John, smiling obligingly. But there's no laugh in his voice. It's not really funny.

NICK RAY, the director, took him aside when he made *Knock On Any Door*, almost four years ago. "This is the scene that makes or breaks your performance, John," he said. "When you choke the D.A. I want you to fly into a rage, scream, go to pieces—cry."

"Nick," John protested, "I don't know acting tricks. I can't cry."

Nick knew what to do. He took John aside in a quiet corner of the set and relentlessly intoned, "You hate cops . . . you hate cops . . . you hate cops. . ." And each time he said it, for a half hour or more, he slammed John hard in the back with his fist. Nick's a big man; the blows hurt, and so did the indignity. "All right," Nick finally signalled the camera crew, "move in. John's ready." His eyes were flooded, his voice wild. He went into the scene and it was great. But then he couldn't stop. He sobbed for an hour and Nick had to lead him to his dressing room and calm him down.

"Acting with me," John Derek will tell you, "is rough."

That's an understatement. Acting with John Derek is living the hard way. He's psychologically unprepared for it. That's why he's touchy. All his life he's been a fiercely independent, dead honest guy—and still is. Yet there he is making his living in the stereotyped, artificial world of Hollywood. Any psychiatrist could tell you that's what's eating John Derek. That's why being a movie star is rough on him—and maybe always will be.

Let's start at the beginning. . . .

John Derek never wanted to be an actor, even though he was born in Hollywood, and his mother was an actress. She called herself Dolores Dorian or sometimes Dolores Johnson when she worked for Cecil B. DeMille and Hal Roach and his dad, Lawson Harris, was a promoter mixed up in everything—acting, directing, writing—but mainly animated cartoons. His fortunes went up and down and so did his wife's. But about all of this their son, Derek Harris (for that was his name) knew practically nothing and cared less.

Once when his mother took him along to a Paramount set, he blinked uncomfortably at the bright lights, hated the noise, the stuffy stage and all the glamorous people. "Let's get out of here, Mother," he begged, "let's go home."

What Dare Harris wanted to be was just one thing; he wanted to be an all-male man. He wanted horses and guns and dogs and a lot of room around him. He wanted to be physically tough and capable and strong. Maybe he wanted to be that more than most kids. Because his mother, who was almost a blonde copy of Dolores Del Rio, and his dad, who had lean chiselled features and a debonair air, were both beautiful people. "I knew I was pretty," John will tell you. "People told me so. And I guess that's the reason I reached for everything rugged around me to prove to myself and everyone else that I was no sis."

He had every opportunity for that. A lot of tears have been spilled over John Derek's insecure childhood. His father and mother were divorced when he was five

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and home for him was a shifting, unstable place. Part of the time he lived with his mother, part with his dad. Sometimes he was on his own, at a private school or a camp or at the ranch of Russ Harlan, an old friend of the family. But in a lot of ways his was an enviable boyhood, at least from his own viewpoint. His folks treated him like a grownup, and he usually got what he wanted.

He got a .22 rifle when he was hardly big enough to pack it. But he was the kind of kid you could trust with a gun and he learned to be a dead shot. He could pick off hawks in the air and drill quail on the rise. He got a pistol later and a horse, and he would hang tin cans up in the eucalyptus trees on his dad's place and thunder by on his horse, shooting under its belly like an Indian, and knocking them down.

He hated school; it was too confining. He'd show up the first day, then stay away two weeks, until they caught him, and expelled him. He went to eight private schools in all and four public ones. He wasn't a troublemaker—unless you objected to his trait of hauling his schoolmates home and boxing their ears off—but he just wasn't interested in classes. His mother would promise him a summer at Catalina, or Big Bear, or Lake Arrowhead if he'd buckle down to math. And she always delivered, whether he did or not. He climbed Sierra cliffs that would make him dizzy today, and dived for pennies when the tourist boats pulled into Avalon.

For a year or so he had a tutor and just traveled around in a car and that was perfectly swell. The tutor, "Mister Dean," as John remembers him, was a kindly soul, more of a companion than a master. They rolled all over California with the school books. They went to Palm Springs, camping in the canyons, and Dare killed hundreds of rattlesnakes with his .22 and shot eagles with a bow and arrow. They rambled to all the scenic spots with their sleeping bags and down to Russ Harlan's ranch where there were horses. He learned to break them in and gentle them. He got tossed more times than he can remember—and there was a thing about that: If anyone saw him tumble—especially if they laughed—he'd turn purple with anger and hate them.

So that's the way Dare Harris grew up. He loved that name, by the way; it suggested "I dare you." He welcomed every dare and every scrap, win or lose, because it gave him an exultant feeling to test his strength and skill. But for what end he had absolutely no idea. Sometimes he'd think he wanted to paint. Other times, he thought it was a ranch he wanted to run. Never once did he think about Hollywood or anything as exhibitionistic or unreal as acting.

How it happened has been well told. Dare was riding in the Santa Monica hills one day near his dad's ranch when Tom Moore, the old silent star, then drama coach at Fox, saw how he looked in levis, flat sombrero and high heels and recognized a potential movie hero. He talked him into a test and nothing came of that, but then Henry Willson, David Selznick's talent scout, caught Dare bowling one night in a Westwood alley and offered him $150 a week, just to join Selznick's Cinderella gang—Guy Madison, Rory Calhoun. That was a fad of Selznick's then, rounding up good-looking unknowns and processing them to fill the young man shortage of wartime Hollywood.

"Sure," said Dare, not stopping his game, "why not?" That was a lot of money at 17; he could use it. He had his eye on a brace of expensive setters and a new shotgun. "Why not?" was as good a reason

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as any why Dare Harris took a crack at the movies in the first place. He didn't earn it, didn't want it, didn't know anything about it, but he did know, rather resentfully, that the only reason in God's world it happened to him was because of his face, which he happened to hate.

So the whole thing began as an easy dodge. Oh, he showed up at acting classes with Helena Sorrell like the rest of the new kids but he wasn't interested. The big day for Dare was payday. Then he and his pal, Tom Devlin, would round up a few girls and go out for some fun—without leaving a thought behind at the studio.

It wasn't a big thrill to him, only mildly annoying, when they called him for a job one day in *I'll Be Seeing You*. He sat at a table feeling silly and self-conscious. Togged out in an Air Corps lieutenant's uniform but still looking like the high school kid he was, he was told to watch Shirley Temple come into the room and sigh "Beautiful!" It was the first acting job of his life. And he was terrible.

He tried again and again. "Look at her!" screamed his director, teutonic William Dieterle. "She's beautiful, isn't she? You think she's beautiful, don't you?"

"I guess," said Dare. He thought she was pretty. He knew her and liked her. In fact, he was dating Shirley then and he didn't know a nicer kid. But he couldn't honestly feel she was beautiful. The director threw up his hands. By now he'd been at it three hours. One simple word. And this stubborn, stupid kid couldn't say it right.

"All right," he thundered, leaning heavily on the table. "Say 'keen'—say 'swell'—say 'nice'—say any of your *childish* expressions—but mean it, mean it!" Then he stalked across the set shaking his fists in the air. "Why," cried the director for all the set to hear, "why do they give me this awkward amateur and hold up my whole picture—just to start his career?"

William Dieterle has probably forgotten that incident long ago, maybe that very afternoon. Probably he had a right to his rage, he had to come up with a picture. But John Derek hasn't forgotten. It reels through his memory still, and everytime he steps before a camera he says to himself, "This has got to be real, you've got to feel it, you've got to believe. . ." And that can tear a guy's insides to pieces if he can't believe it and he's not the kind to make false faces.

But back then—and that was eight years ago—it only made him burn inside with shame and resentment—mostly at himself, although he didn't know it. He wanted to shake the whole racket, clear out. And soon, of course, he did. Uncle Sam saw to that. For the next couple of years Private Harris rattled around Japan, Korea, the Philippines and Burma as an airborne trooper, six months in combat, the rest in occupation.

He loved army life, the action, the physical exertion, the rough clothes. Nobody eyed his looks, his curls were butchered and he usually was sweaty and mussed. But when the war was really over and all the GIs started worrying about their jobs and getting them back, Derek knew it wouldn't be rough for him—not with that face. He signed a contract at Fox the day after he got home. There was nothing to it, not even a test. He got $200 a week and he hasn't missed a paycheck in Hollywood since.

For the record, Derek Harris did nothing constructive at Fox, except attend some drama classes, lose a few inhibitions, wise up a little—and coast along on his good looks, as usual. But actually the two events which were to change and complicate his life happened to him the year he spent there. He met a girl and he read a book. The girl, of course, was Patti Behrs, a European dancer in his drama class, who's now his wife. The book was *Knock On Any Door*. It made him want to be an actor for the first time in his young life.

That he got the chance is just one of those incredible things that happen sometimes in Hollywood. He quit Fox and tossed aside another easy meal ticket MGM offered him. He had his agent, who thought he was nuts, take him to Max Arnow's office at Columbia, and Max is as hard-cooked a casting director as you'll find anywhere. This kid had no experience, no credits, no anything as Hollywood ratings go. And all he wanted was the prize dramatic part in a big budget production—like that. And all he could say was, "I know that's for me. I'm the guy... I don't have to act. I know him. I'm pretty like he is but tough underneath. . ."

"Well," said Max tossing him a script. "I don't know. I don't think so. But, take this home."

"I don't have to. I can do it now."

"Take it home," said Max.

He took it home, but he didn't even study it. He already knew it. Next day he read it, the first time he had ever read aloud to anybody. And of course when he did, for Max and Bob Lord and Nick Ray and Humphrey Bogart, that was all there was to it. Bogie jabbed him in the ribs and winked an okay. His agent said, "If you want this boy you'd better talk fast. MGM's after him."

"Nobody's after me," said John Derek. "I'm after that part." So he got it and he did it and he was great.

It's an old Hollywood story. He was nobody and then suddenly he was the fair-haired boy. No one had ever heard of John Derek, then—boom—his name was on everybody's lips. Important people called him "pal," flattered him, told him he was the greatest young guy in the business. Twenty-two years old and suddenly the world was his oyster cocktail. It was all as strange and as deceptive as his new name, but he thought it was real, that he'd go right on from there—to the top. "I got the fat head," he'll tell you, a little bitterly, today. "I was sure the whole thing was a hundred per cent my doing. Actually, of course, it was a hundred per cent Nick Ray's. You know what I told myself? In three years, I said, I'll be on top of the heap, I'll be the biggest name in Hollywood. With that start—my first picture? How could I miss? Well—it's been three years and more. It's almost four—"

Let's see what's happened to John Derek in those four years—

He's had some surprises, not all pleasant ones. For one thing, the same people who found his handsome face exciting soon leveled off to outline it with knives.

There was the night when he walked into Christian's Hut down in Balboa, hungry from surfing and set for a curry dinner. A middle-aged movie producer at the bar spotted John as he passed. "Godalmity!" he bawled, "ain't he pretty!" John bit his lip and moved on to the juke box. The joker followed him over. "If I was as pretty as you, Baby, I'd own the world." He escaped to a table, but only briefly. The pest pursued him, leering. "Tell me, Kiddo—how does it feel to be so beautiful?" John got up and left. If the man had been younger he'd have socked him. But he wasn't hungry any more. He was sick. That's just a sample. It's happened right along.

Sometimes, though, he's had a chance to talk back. On the radio recently the sportscaster, Bill Stern, asked him stunningly, out of the blue. "How do you like your looks? How do you *really* feel?"

John paused a minute. It was unfair. "I like them," he came back truthfully. "I think they're good—I had good-looking parents. I'm proud of my looks and I like to think that underneath them I've developed the assets that make a man."

"I apologize for a vicious question," said Bill Stern. "You're all right and all man in my book, John."

Today if you drive far out in the San Fernando Valley, beyond Encino, up a curving drive to the top of a tree-studded knoll, you can see the good things that four years have given John Derek. And you can see John himself, as he is and really wants to be.

He'll be there, for sure, unless he's off on a trip or making a picture. In dungarees or jeans, always, and usually out on the three-acre place chopping cypress, sawing eucalyptus logs, building a wall or herding a tractor. It's his home, the kind he wants, out away from everything—including Hollywood—and he knows that the things there are his because he's making them with his own hands.

Inside the big Spanish style house will certainly be his pretty wife, Patti, and their two-year-old boy, Russell Andre. These are the real things in his life and John Derek knows he couldn't have had them if it hadn't been for *Knock On Any Door*, and the pictures he's made since.

John hasn't any wardrobe to speak of and neither has Patti. They haven't been to a night club since they were married. If they went to a formal affair tomorrow night (which they won't) he'd have to rent a tuxedo and she'd have to make over an old dress. None of the excitement and glamor of Hollywood enters their lives although both are young and certainly attractive. They never go to parties, seldom see friends. They're chronically broke. They can't afford to entertain. This is it—his home and his family—and it's what he likes. John Derek tells himself he should be completely happy—and sometimes he is. But sometimes, too, he's not. That's when he gets to thinking about himself and the life's work he was handed on a silver platter and then he says to himself, "The start was easy. But now the job's just beginning. The rough part is staying. And how do you do that?"

Right now there's nothing wrong with John Derek that one terrific picture couldn't cure—but that's the trouble. Although he's made six since *Knock On Any Door*, nothing he's done has satisfied him. "Whether it's an Englishman in green tights, an Italian in black tights or a Pole in a football suit," he reproaches himself, "it isn't me. So my first picture is my best picture—what do you think of that?" he'll say, really talking to himself. "What am I anyway—a morning glory?"

Brod Crawford is one who doesn't think so. "John," he told him the other day, after *Scandal Sheet* wound up, "you know I didn't used to like you. When you made *All The King's Men* with me I thought you were a swell-headed, selfish kid who needed a kick in the pants. But now," he grinned, sticking out his hand, "I want to say I like you, I like your work and I like to work with you, too."

From reports, *Scandal Sheet* is a pretty fair picture for John Derek. But meanwhile he suffers keenly from every jab at his ability—far more than he does from the cracks at his curls. A Hollywood columnist sized up a new script just the other day: "John Derek would be great for the part," he wrote—"if he could act." If he could act! How can you act unless you believe it? How can you ever be great again unless you go all out? Some seasoned stars wouldn't grant that a wrinkle. But with John it's so different.

He has read another book lately—and again he's fallen in love with it. It's the life of Joaquin Murietta, the California bandit of the Gold Rush days. If you mention it to Derek you're off for an hour or two's excited talk. He wanted to do it more than anything he's ever thought about. Why, Joaquin is himself—young, dark, dashing, intense, emotional or mixed up. He's pestered his Columbia bosses for months with ironclad arguments. He'd do it free. He'd make it himself in Mexico. He'd do anything. "Wel-l-l," they say, "we don't think so."

Sometimes he thinks they haven't looked inside the covers. So he takes the book around to their offices with gum stuck inside the pages. And it comes back—with the gum uncracked. He's getting the reputation for being off his trolley on the subject, but he doesn't care. "It's an obsession with me, sure," he says, "but I've got to play it. I've got to do something big, something great. I've got to make good like I said I would."

Last Christmas, John sent Charlie Feldman, his agent, a greeting card that he'd drawn himself. It showed a big, sparkling tree with an oversized, shining star at its peak. Leading up was a ladder, a tall, tall ladder with all the rungs broken and dangling. At the bottom was a tiny man, groping blindly. John Derek, of course.

"How do you get to the top of this thing?" he wrote.

Nobody can give John Derek the answer to that. He'll have to find out for himself. But one thing is certain: For him the climb will never be painless or smooth. He'll do it the hard way—all the way.

THE END

he's going that-a-way!

(*Continued from page 55*) was a wee tyke back here in Oklahoma City, horses and dogs were the great loves of his life. 'Someday, Mama,' he used to say, 'I'm going to own a slew of 'em.'"

Robertson owns a German shepherd, Chief, as well as a pointer named Radar recently given to him by his business manager, Morgan Maree.

"Tell you why I have a business manager," Dale explains. "When it comes to money I'm just not very interested. It seems to slip through my fingers.

"Take this money I'm making now. I couldn't rightly tell you if I have one cent in the bank. I don't drink. I don't go to nightclubs. I don't buy any clothes, but left to myself I couldn't save a penny.

"That's why I got me a business manager. I don't know how much I pay him, but he's sure worth it. He takes care of all the bills, all the taxes, all the expenses.

"He used to give me $35 a week for spending money, but the office figured it was too much, so now I'm down to ten bucks a week. They give my wife $25 a week for her pocket money. We seem to be making out okay. At least I got a 1951 Pontiac convertibile last year, and I think all the stuff we bought to furnish the house—it's modern furniture—has been paid for."

As you probably know, Dale Robertson mortgaged himself for $20,000 to get into pictures.

After the war he'd tried crashing Hollywood the hard way. He supported himself at odd jobs, and during his free time he begged for screen tests and interviews. Nothing happened.

"Then it came to me suddenly," he explains, "that trying to crash Hollywood was a full-time job. A man couldn't pull it

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off in between stints at filling stations. So I went back to Oklahoma City.

"I got my mother and my two aunts together, and I said, 'I believe I can make a success of it in Hollywood. Only I need a stake.'

"'How much?' one of my aunts asked.

"'About $20,000,' I said. 'That should keep me going for a few years. If I can't make it with that, I'll call it quits.'"

His aunts, Lillian and Ruth Queenan, thought it over. Dale was responsible to them for a lot. He was three years old when his father and his mother were divorced so he spent a good deal of his youth with them while his mother tried to make a living in the state banking department. Mrs. Robertson had two other sons to support in addition to Dale. There was Roxy, who is now private pilot for Bill Likins, one of the wealthiest oil men in the world, and there's Chester, a real estate man.

"Originally," Mrs. Robertson says, "I planned on having Roxy become a doctor, Chester a lawyer, and Dale a minister. Dale had a real fine voice as a youngster, still does, and he studied the violin for seven years. But he really hated it. Only reason he took violin was to please his aunts."

Ruth and Lillian Queenan were sure, even when Dale was four years old, that one day he'd end up on the stage. In fact, Will Rogers once saw the boy in Oklahoma and said, "Why don't you let me take him out to Hollywood and give him a screen test?"

But Dale's mother refused the offer. "Sure do appreciate it, Mr. Rogers," she said. "But Hollywood is no place for a four-year-old. He belongs here with his folks."

Dale's aunts thought so, too. They were also determined to make a gentleman out of their nephew, who was equally determined to grow up and become a cowboy. They bought him fancy dress clothes, artistic berets, long-flowing ties, black patent-leather shoes.

"When I stayed with my aunts," Dale recalls, "I wore all the fancy clothes. When I stayed with my mother, I wore my blue jeans. It was a question of indoor life versus outdoor life."

When Dale showed up in Oklahoma City in 1946 and asked them for a $20,000 stake, his aunts were convinced that the young man's cultural and artistic nature had triumphed over his love of the outdoors. They gave him the money and Dale headed for Hollywood.

"He was so homesick out there," his brother Roxy recalls, "that everytime he saw an Oklahoma license tag, he'd chase the car like a dog chasing a rabbit just so's he could tell the driver, 'I come from Oklahoma myself.'"

Homesick or not, Dale knew that he had to make a go of it in motion pictures. He had to satisfy his own ego and he couldn't fall down on the folks back home.

He sat down with his $20,000 and he figured out his plans. "I realized right from the start," he says, "that drawing-room dramatics weren't for me. I took a couple of night courses in motion picture production at the University of Southern California to get an idea of how the movie business worked.

"I also learned that if you want to get anywhere, especially if you're a newcomer, you'd better get yourself an agent."

Ordinarily, top-flight Hollywood agents shy away from newcomers who've had no dramatic training. Luckily for Dale, he was introduced by a producer to Ned Marin, who works for Charley Feldman's Famous Artists, Inc. Ned Marin took him out to MGM. "I'll show him to Billy Grady," Marin said, "he looks the Metro type."

Billy Grady, MGM's famous casting director, told Dale, "You have a good face. Let's see if we can find something for you."

That sounded great to Dale, but the months winged by, and he was still haunting the sound stages.

In the interim, however, he made friends with the studio secretaries and messenger boys. "These kids," he says, "would sneak scripts of forthcoming productions out to me. I'd read 'em, then call my agent and say, 'Hey, Ned, Paramount has a Western coming up and I think I'm right for such and such a role.' Ned would go around the next day and get me a reading.

"Lots of folks think the best way to crash Hollywood is to give parties for actresses and big shot producers. Not true. Much better to use the time for study and the money to live on.

"One office boy, I remember, worked for Nat Holt and slipped me a copy of *Fighting Man Of The Plains*, a movie Nat was planning.

"I read the script and there was a wonderful Jesse James role in it. I picked up the phone and called my agent. 'You've got to get me an interview,' I told him. He did, and it wasn't too hard, either. His brother was directing the picture.

"They asked me if I could ride and I said, 'Sure.' Then they asked me if I had any acting experience, and I said, 'None.' Then they said, 'Go ahead and read the part.' I'd read it before and I knew it pretty well. I got the job."

Studio boss Harry Warner's hobby is building and selling homes. Recently he erected a beautiful place at Malibu Beach and tried to interest writer Everett Freeman in buying it. "The beach air's bad for my sinus condition," Freeman said. "But I know you'll love this house, so I'll tell you what I'll do for you," Warner offered. "You pick out a lot anywhere in town and I'll have the house moved onto it, free of charge." Freeman considered the proposition a moment, then: "I'll be home all day Sunday. Why don't you drive the house by and let me look at it?"

Mickey Novak

When the picture came out, Dale got fairly good notices, and various studios began looking up their files on him.

Over at 20th they discovered that Dale had been tested three weeks before he got his first job in *Fighting Man*. The test was run again. It was horrible.

While 20th was wondering whether or not Dale was worth another test, Nat Holt put him in *Caribou Trail*.

Since audiences seemed to understand his Oklahoma drawl and like his sagebrush personality, Zanuck called Dale back. One more test, and he was signed to a seven-year contract.

That was on November 9th, 1949—a little more than three years after Dale had borrowed $20,000 from his aunts, and spent it.

In the two-and-a-half-years that have elapsed since he signed his contract, Dale has acted in *Two Flags West*, the only film he made in 1950, and *Call Me Mister*, *Take Care Of My Little Girl*, *Golden Girl*, *Lydia Bailey*, *Return Of The Texan*, *Outcasts Of Poker Flat*, all made in 1951.

And last year he was married, exactly 34 days after he met the girl. Her name was Jacqueline Wilson, and they met on April 15th at a dinner party hosted by producer Andre Hakim.

Five nights later, on their second date, he said to Jackie, "How about you and me getting married one of these days?"

Jackie smiled, and they were married on May 19th at her parents' home.

They spent a week-end at Santa Barbara then Dale had to return to the studio. They've yet to enjoy a honeymoon.

But Dale had two weeks off between the completion of *The Outcasts Of Poker Flat* and the start of *The Full House*, and since it was Christmastime he decided to take Jackie back to Oklahoma City and show her off.

Dale was so anxious to get home that he made the trip in 28 hours. "Coming back to Hollywood," he says. "I wasn't that anxious. Took me three days."

Among the 40 members of the clan who gathered to spend Christmas at the Robertsons was Dale's cousin, Fenny Wilson, who says:

"Hollywood may change most people, but it sure hasn't done anything to Dale. He looks the same, acts the same, talks the same, eats the same. When he was a little kid, he was wild about hot biscuits and grease gravy. He still is, also lemon pie."

His mother, Mrs. Varvel Robertson says, "About that lemon pie. Dale never could wait until I set the pie out on the table. He was always sticking his finger in. He did the very same thing at Christmastime. Matter of fact, he hasn't changed one bit, not only in little things but in outlook as well.

"To my boy, Hollywood is just the means to an end. He loves the outdoor life. That's what he wants more than anything else. People tell me that sooner or later acting gets into your blood, that it will get into Dale's blood. I don't know. Maybe it will. Right now it hasn't."

Dale says that this last Christmas at home was one of his best not only because he introduced his wife to the folks and she got along with them beautifully, but because it gave him an opportunity to spend some time with his brothers.

Three days after Dale arrived, his brothers showed up with three shot guns and a bird dog. That night the three Robertsons came home with their legal limit of quail.

A day later, Dale and his wife rode out to inspect the six fine saddle horses his mother owns on a farm 15 miles northwest of Oklahoma City. There was also much play with Captain and Chief, two German shepherds.

It is incredible how little of Hollywood has rubbed off on him. His best friends are people like his stand-in Kit Carson, his double Tom McDonough, and Kit's brother-in-law, Charley James. He keeps away from flashy personalities, and he keeps his head. "I'm not much as an actor" he drawls, "but maybe I can make a go of it. And by the time I wear on the public maybe I'll have enough put away to start my own production company.

"I want something working for me so that I can have a ranch and plenty of horses. I'd like to go fishing for maybe three months out of the year. I'd like to have three sons and a daughter. But I'll take what I get: I'd also like a ranch house with a lot of land. A man needs space and lots of air."

There is never any talk from Dale Robertson about plush Hollywood nightclubs or the latest stage hit in New York. Neither is he interested in local gossip or the publicity handouts which describe him as "the bobby-soxers' Western delight."

"He likes Hollywood very much," his mother says, "and he's set his mind on becoming a big success. But his thoughts will alway be in Oklahoma."

"On horses," Dale adds. THE END

who is monty kidding?

(*Continued from page 31*) for hovels and a hatred for money and all that it buys.

It is a very interesting situation, and makes for a very interesting character. The only trouble is that it is not true. None of it. And it is not, in the truest sense, a lot of manufactured hot air stormed up by press agents. It has a basis in fact—in the fact that Montgomery Clift *looks* poor and hungry and alone. He is really none of these things.

Clift lives like a spirited young millionaire plagued by notoriety and, while he avoids crowds, has a decided respect for the finer things in life, like good food, expensive clothes and swanky places to live.

The beginning of the legend of Montgomery Clift took place in the office of the late George Evans, a famous publicist who was responsible for the Sinatra panic some years back. It was shortly after Montgomery Clift had appeared in *Red River*. One of the employees in Evans' office was pasting clippings in a huge new album when a friend dropped by.

"Say," said the friend, "that's a mighty big press book. Got a new client?"

"Yeah," said the Evans man, "Garbo."

"Garbo!" said the friend. "I thought she was retired."

"Not this Garbo," said the press agent. "This one is just starting."

And he held up a shiny new picture of Montgomery Clift.

To anyone in the trade, the conversation was entirely understandable. It meant that the Evans office was about to launch a campaign for Monty's sake, based on the "I want to be alone" idea. And it worked.

During the first year of his stardom, which came very quickly after the release of *Red River*, Montgomery Clift rose to the heights on publicity which extolled his love of solitude and sack cloth. He had just the face for it, too—a long, lean profile stamped with quiet melancholy. His physique, thin and rather stooped, helped the picture.

It was necessary, in a campaign of this sort, to have the principal appear more than just regularly in the public prints. And, as a matter of fact, Clift appeared more regularly than any other actor of that day. During his first couple of years of fame, all the writers of stories on Monty claimed that they had finally smoked him out of his secret diggings to talk and pose. Monty was unearthed more times during that period than other actors who devote a good 50% of their time sitting on editors' doorsteps.

The real and the manufactured Montgomery Clift fit in together too neatly to label his public character a complete fraud. It just so happens that eternal public adulation *does* frighten and annoy him, and he avoids as much contact with the movie-going public as possible. He is not overly friendly, and he didn't make the friends he has easily.

His habits of residence, which have been called silly and unbecoming a celebrity have been made to appear as unique as a Yogi who lives on a bed of nails. Actually, Monty Clift lives in very fine apartments, but he moves often, and it can safely be assumed that he does so to avoid discovery by his fans.

The game of outwitting movie fans *is* a problem to Monty. Some time ago he noticed that a couple of teen-age girls always seemed to be down on the corner when he came home. The thought that they might be scouts for a pack came to him, so he decided to move again. However, the day after he changed his apartment he saw them again. There was nothing for it but to try and give them the slip. Consequently, he traveled like a

Too vital a matter for 'guess work' among young wives



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For a number of years there has been great confusion as to just what to use for internal feminine cleanliness. Women are certainly fully aware how necessary internal hygiene is to their health and married happiness. They realize how important it is to douche after their periods and to guard against offensive odor. But WHAT to use has long been the bewildering question.

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tailed crook for a week or more, changing cabs, walking through buildings and using all sorts of devices to give his juvenile shadows the slip long enough for him to duck into his apartment house.

Although the kids weren't Sam Spades they showed a remarkable talent for the game, because after a few days of fruitless tailing they apparently came to the conclusion that they were being had in the traffic, and turned to the apartment house itself as the best hunting ground.

Naturally, in view of the situation, Monty didn't have his name on the mail box, but the kids deduced that he went in there with his belongings and was undoubtedly still there. They got themselves a handful of magazine subscriptions and began canvassing the building. When they knocked on Monty's door it just happened that a young lady who was his dinner guest opened it. The girls tried the magazine bit for a few minutes, then one of them came right out and said, "Doesn't Montgomery Clift live in this apartment?"

The girl who answered the door was quick. "I wish he did!" she said.

But the "detectives" didn't give up. Every afternoon they came to the building with a new gimmick—anything to give them an excuse to knock on all the doors and maybe peer in. It finally got so that every time a knock came on the door, Monty, if he was alone, would dash for cover, and if someone was with him, he'd make like a mouse until the girls had gone. Finally he couldn't stand it any longer.

Groucho Marx was sitting alone in a booth at Chasen's when a well-known actor walked over to him and said, "Groucho, won't you join me?" "No thanks," said Groucho. "And don't YOU join me!"

Sidney Skolsky in Hollywood Is My Beat

He was sitting with his date one night when the knock came again.

"Okay," said Monty. "Let them in."

The kids were admitted, victory shining all over their faces. Monty sat them down and had a nice talk with them. He explained that whenever the autograph collectors found out where he lived they came night and day until the other tenants complained and the manager asked him to move. He told them he liked the apartment he had now and begged the kids to keep his address a secret. The agreement was sealed with a hand shake and cokes all around——and after an hour or so the visitors left.

That was a coup in a sense for Monty because the girls never did tell and he wasn't discovered, but he never quite understood the reason why they stole two expensive silver ash trays from his living room coffee table.

The usual date with Montgomery Clift, according to the legend, is like something that could be expected from a gangster hiding out from the law. Slip into a dimly-lit street after dark, look to right and left, slink down the back alley ways to a crummy saloon or cafe where a whispered conversation could be held in a dark booth. This no doubt came into being when it was disclosed that Monty didn't lunch at "21" every day or dine at the Stork Club every night.

Actually, Montgomery Clift would rather not eat than dine in a hash house. It is true that he does most of his chomping on the East Side of New York, but you will find that most of the better eating places in Manhattan are in that district. The prices aren't as high as the celebrity hang outs, but the grub, according to gourmets, is much better. And the wine cellars of some of the smaller Lexington and Third Avenue bistros are the best in the land.

In the matter of food, Montgomery Clift is quite the opposite to the fellow pictured as prefering hot dog joints. He likes his meals prepared by experts, and will not settle for a medium steak if he orders it rare. And he's no hair tonic drinker, either. He wants his liquor from a bottle with the best label.

Wherever Montgomery lives, you can bet that comfort lives there with him. He's a man who likes soft sheets and tender pillows and fluffy blankets. He's the kind of a fellow who would bang on the pipes all night if the heat went off, and if there wasn't enough hot water for a lot of showering and shaving he'd cancel his lease in a minute.

As for clothes, Monty, like a good many young American men these days, leans toward the casual grace found in good conservative clothing houses. The object of these clothes is to make a man look casually groomed and comfortable. It is also true that disciples of this sort of attire appear to have only one suit. Actually, and it is true of Monty, the clothes closet is well packed with tweeds and flannels. Take a look at his shoes. They're the best.

It will probably come as a surprise to many, but Monty is considered one of the best customers at the Maisonette Room of the St. Regis Hotel. And this is as swank as boites can be. The waiters in the room say that Monty, instead of acting like a fish out of water, has all the finesse of a rich roué in his deportment, and can slip a head waiter a large bill as quietly as a Vanderbilt. It must be said that during his most steady patronage of the room he was escorting Liz Taylor, who likes the place, but Monty liked it, too.

IF, as the writers say, Montgomery Clift is at heart a Greenwich Village Bohemian, why, then, doesn't he take up residence in the Village and grow a beard and sleep on lumps of Kapok. He doesn't like that sort of life. If, as the writers say, he doesn't care much about pictures, why doesn't he get out of them. That is very easy. Instead, he has, from the first, surrounded himself by the cleverest brains in the business. All who have done business with him reckon his lawyer to be as sharp as they come. His agents, MCA, are counted the best in the movie business. His press agents have always been the cleverest, as is his mentor, Leland Hayward. Montgomery Clift has one passion he wants to satisfy to the limit. It has been written about, but it is not a fake. He wants to travel and see the world. He wants to fill his bank with enough green stuff to keep him happy in the far away places when he quits—and to do a good bit of wandering before he quits.

To suit that purpose he will come to Hollywood whenever the script, director, co-star and money are right. He will stick to the Garbo gimmick as long as it pays off and keeps him a head or so above the movie players who live the regimented lives. If it backfires on him, he'll change the gimmick, but he wants to be a star.

During one of his talks with a famous Hollywood writer a couple of years ago, Monty got through the routine confessions and, denying he was odd, gave 30 or 40 instances proving he was. It was a stock interview and maybe the writer didn't expect to get anything true out of it. But Monty let one line drop that gave the whole show away. Nobody, not even the writer, got the full meaning.

"How about money?" he asked. "They tell me you don't care about money."

"Oh, but I do," said Monty, looking away off into the future. "I like money very much. It gives a guy wings!" THE END

I live with prayer

(*Continued from page 64*) church also tells me that I must understand my mother, and I know that to her, who was brought up very strictly in Italy, my words are so far just talk.

Not knowing even the language of the strange country in which she finds herself, and with the responsibility of three daughters falling on her, her very love for us keeps her from accepting easily patterns of conduct which seem completely unreliable. If I did not know this to be true I would rebel. But since I do know it, how can I depart from the custom which gives her so much security?

So this is my big job now—to convince my mother that in America, where girls have more independence, I, too, can be trusted with such freedom. And the feeling that I will be successful . . . this, too, comes from my faith.

The church means much to me. It seems that I found it almost without any help from others. In Italy we are most of us Catholics, but my father was not a churchgoer nor did my mother go often. They did not oppose, they did not urge. I had to come to it, as I did, by myself.

When, as a small girl, I first started to think of people and the world, I decided that humans had two sides . . . their inside and their outside. Things could happen to your outside but they were not important unless you felt them inside. To be complimented or scolded or get a present—that was important because you felt it inside. But to get your face washed or eat your dinner—that was just outside stuff and meant nothing. (Food was puzzling and a sort of disappointment. You had a great want for it inside but as soon as you got it nothing much happened—you just didn't seem to want it any more.)

When I was seven years old I went to a Mass at which, strangely enough, the officiating priest was not only my father's uncle (he had brought up my father from the age of six months, even more strangely!) but he also lived with us. I was tremendously proud as I watched him at the altar and, as a child will, wanted to tell everyone around me who he was. Then I began to get interested in the service itself. I didn't understand it but I did begin to feel it, glowing and wonderful . . . the greatest "inside" feeling I had ever had. It was like being sung to . . . and I knew then for the first time that I had a soul . . . and I knew to Whom it was committed.

IT MAY seem funny but that which I learned as a child, not only my love for God, but that people have two sides, is still something I believe in, and to me only inside happiness counts. Just the other day Andrew Marton, the director of my present picture, *The Devil Makes Three,* was talking about dialogue and said the same thing in different words.

"If you don't feel a line there is no use speaking it, and if you do feel it you don't even have to speak it to convey the idea," he said.

It made me think of my father. Even though he did not go to church I could feel his quick disapproval if I was late for an early Mass on a Sunday. He didn't have to say anything, it was just there in his manner. And I know it was so because sometimes I would reply just as if he had spoken. I would say, "All right, I will be sure to go at noon." And instantly I would know that his anger was gone.

All during the terrible war years when the Germans had possession of our country there was no comfort to be had anywhere but inside of you. If you talked to people they would say there was no hope. If you listened to news reports they were almost always bad ones. Every development, every happening, was discouraging. And so we who were there had nothing left but our hearts and what was in them. This is why I cling so strongly to my faith. It was not only a religion, it was a friend to me, and I did not pray so much, it seemed to me, as I talked to this friend when I was in need.

This habit of talking—or praying—has entered my life never to leave it. There have been times when my prayers were not directly answered . . . but always, the praying brought me such peace of mind that my difficulties, whatever their nature, suddenly became supportable.

If someone asked, "What has been the greatest help to you as an actress?" I would have to answer, "Prayer." The reason is very simple. Without prayer I wouldn't have been able to speak even the first word of the first line I ever had in a picture. I remember when this first picture, *Tomorrow Is Too Late,* was made in Italy, I was just overcome by the thought of going before the camera.

"I will not be able to do it," I told myself. "I will stand there and forget everything. They will look at me and say, 'We have made a mistake with this Pier Angeli girl. Get her out of there.'"

And then I remembered that around the corner from the studio was a little church (as there is a little church around every corner in Rome) and I ran to it as fast as I could. When I came back I felt as I always feel after prayer—serene.

There were, I think, 229 separate scenes in *Tomorrow Is Too Late.* That's very nearly how many times I ran into the little church!

I can remember how as a youngster I

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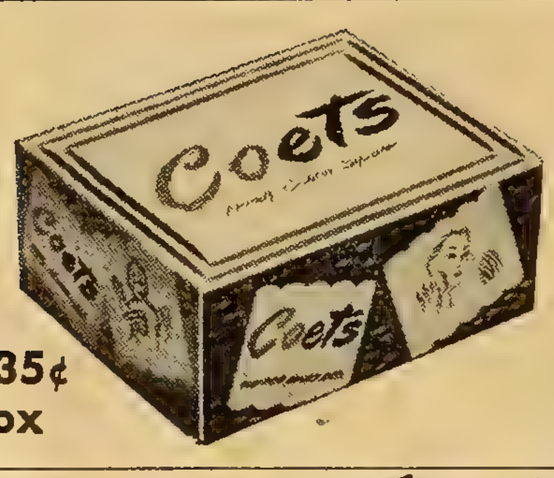
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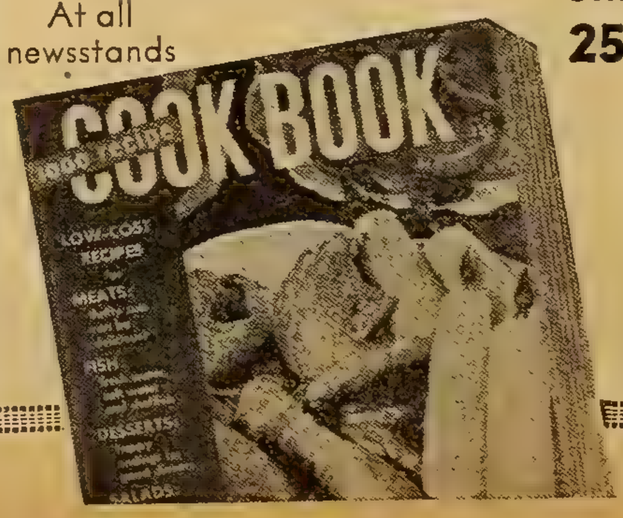
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prayed for such odd blessings. I wanted a little girl of my own to mother, mastery of Latin in which I was very poor, and even a banana! (I had not seen one for years.)

I love children and when I was about 12 or 13 it seemed to me that I simply must have a little girl over whom I could fuss. I prayed for one constantly, and one day my mother, who had not had children since my twin sister, Maria Luisa, and I were born, gave birth to a baby girl. After such a time lapse it was the surprise of the community, and since my feelings and what I had done about it were very well known I was told to be very careful thereafter about what I was praying for!

My Latin never improved, but on the other hand, when the day came for me to learn English for films I picked it up without much trouble at all. It is not good English, I know, but it is far better as English than my Latin was as Latin.

As for the banana . . . my craving came for it during the war when nothing like that was obtainable except at those stores where food prices were so high that only profiteers could afford to buy. Yet one afternoon my father came home with a package and out of it he took just one banana—not one of the big bananas you have here but a small, African-grown type. As long as I live I will never forget this delightful surprise.

Maria Luisa and I didn't eat it with bites. Oh, never! We broke it in half and licked at our portions just like you do an ice cream cone. Mine must have lasted at least two hours.

DESPITE the fact that it was not safe to be on the streets during the war, especially towards the end when the Germans knew they were losing and got desperate, my father wanted my sister Maria Luisa and me to keep on with our school. "We must not be frightened into living in holes like animals," he said. "We must be as normal as we can. I must work if I can and you girls must learn if you can."

At the same time father, who was an architect, would also go to work every day, though for him it was quite risky. Men who knew anything about construction were useful to the authorities and found themselves being separated from their families and sent to far-away places. This no one wanted—your chances of coming back were just a gamble. So every day my father would disappear into a building where the front door was marked "Closed," in order to keep soldiers from investigating. And he would not come out until it was time to start for home at night.

One afternoon, when I was not yet 13, I was coming home alone (school was nearly a mile's walk from home) because my sister had not gone to classes that day. Suddenly I saw a German soldier with a sub-machine gun looking at me from across the street. He was not staggering, yet I knew somehow by the expression on his face that he had been drinking. The next second my heart almost stopped for he called out and started to walk towards me. For an instant I stopped—then I went flying. I didn't have to look back to know that he was running after me—his voice lifted up in an enraged "Halten!" and his heavy army shoes pounding the pavement in pursuit.

I was so young that I had only one idea—he wanted to kill me, and I kept thinking that any moment bullets would tear through me. Not so long before this I had actually seen a civilian shot in the shoulder, and then shot again, this time to death, when he got up on his feet and spit into the face of his attacker.

In desperation I ran into an apartment

house and flew up the stairs praying that I would find help. I was just reaching the third floor when a door opened and a man beckoned to me to enter. Without stopping I ran in and he closed the door. When he turned around I was so faint I would have fallen if he hadn't caught me. He put me on a chair and after a moment I started to whisper what had happened, but he motioned to me that it was not necessary to explain. I still felt terribly frightened and then I felt frightened for him as well. He could get in great trouble for helping me if he were caught. I told him this and started to get up, but he told me just to keep quiet and not worry.

"If we Italians did not help each other then we would be worse than the Germans here," he said.

We heard the soldier clumping up the stairs and my heart threatened to fly apart with each sound, but the man remained calm and gestured to me to drink my brandy. Apparently the soldier had not seen where I had entered because after a while he went downstairs again. But when the man went out to look the soldier was still downstairs, leaning against the wall as if determined to stay till I came out.

We waited for more than an hour for him to leave and during this time the man wanted to know if I cared to telephone my family to keep them from worrying about me. But I thought this would be unwise. My mother would get word to my father and I knew he would come running for me only to get into a fight with the soldier. It was almost dark when it at last seemed safe to go, and the man walked with me all the way to our house.

"I don't know who you are," I told the man, "but you came out of my prayer."

He looked at me with his face straight but his eyes widening as if he were thinking about my words. "What a wonderful thanks you have given me," he said. "Now I am grateful to you."

I THINK the happiest day of my life was my First Communion which, because of the disruption of war, I did not receive until I was nearly 15. For months my mother searched through Rome for white material for my dress and finally came home one day with some beautiful organdy. My saddest day was to occur not many years later and after I knew I was coming to America for a movie career. Two weeks before I was due to leave with my mother and two sisters, my father died suddenly from a heart attack. We had been so close to each other that I practically collapsed. Nothing in the outside world could comfort me. But from the other world, and, I am convinced, only because I had always kept myself close to it, came the solace and strength to lift me from my grief.

Now we are here to start a new life. I have been through too much to let little things bother me. My mother is making a nice home. This, too, is part of her early training because in Italy much attention is paid to the home to keep it attractive and happy so that the girls in the family will not be too anxious to go out, not too anxious to make a quick marriage.

When boys first asked me to go out in Hollywood my answer used to be, "May I bring my mother, too?" I had only to notice the funny look in their faces to know that I was saying the wrong thing. Now I simply do not accept unless they already know that someone else must be along.

But, as I say, I am not too worried. I have faith that everything will come out all right . . . even that my mother will some day soon let me go out like other girls. And for that I need lots and lots of faith!

THE END

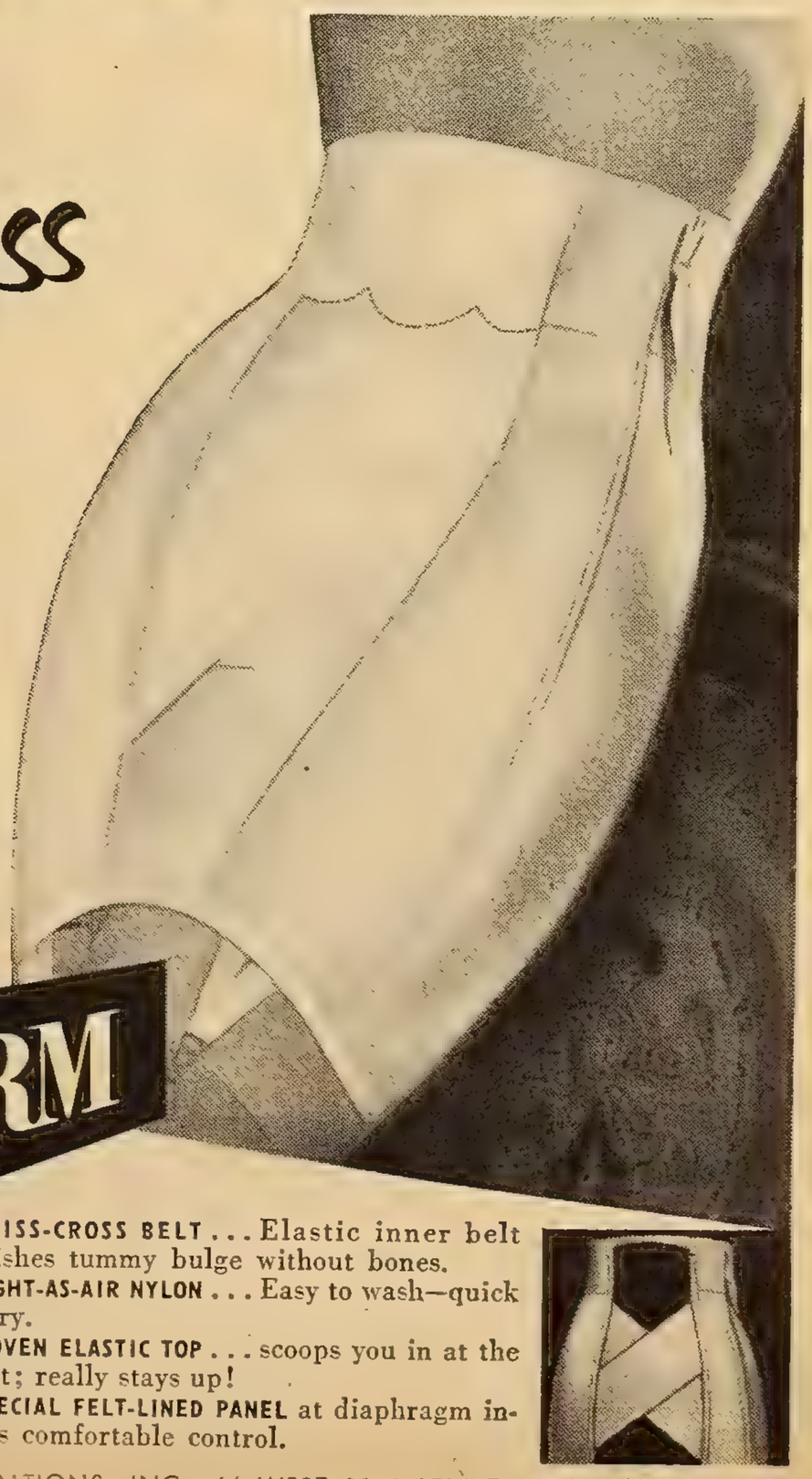


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lady be good

(*Continued from page 33*) or a problem. Her face is known as a mask of sorrow. She's America's most noted bleeding heart.

See Jane Wyman on the street. She is five-feet-seven, with the figure of a fashion model—curvy, yet slender; slim, but stacked. Her carriage is almost regal and she stands and walks with her head up, chin in and chest out—as though she's glad about her figure. Her dark hair is modishly styled and sprinkled liberally with grey. She has the face of an imp, pert, small-nosed—and her mouth is full and pouty, like a calendar girl. Her eyes are soft brown and moist. And from the usual expression on her face, you might expect her to shout "Hurray!" at any moment.

That's physically. In personality, Jane Wyman is even more distant from the screen roles she portrays. In *Johnny Belinda* she was a mute. In person she'll talk an arm off a chatterbox and never let him get a word in. In *The Glass Menagerie* she was a demure little mouse. In person she's a ball of fire, a squirmer, a leaper-out-of-chairs, an arm waver. She's almost dangerous to be around.

The little old lady in *The Blue Veil* was a quiet, gentle spinster. In person, Jane Wyman has the courage of a homicide cop and wherever she doesn't fit she'll squeeze in. Some time back, when her home was robbed, Jane walked into the house and knew the burglars were still there. But instead of running screaming down the street to a neighbor's for help, she marched right up to her bedroom, shut the door, and, in a very loud voice, called the police—and then sat fuming on the edge of the bed till they came, while the robbers scrambled from the premises in terror.

A couple of days later when a character came to her front door, told her that he knew who had her jewels and offered to take her to the crooks, she stood in the doorway for 20 minutes and talked to the guy—and darn near wound up going along with him. Even the tough cops turned pale when she told them.

WITHIN *Jane Wyman, it must be admitted*, there are some of the traits of most of the characters she plays. But, in the main, she is another kid altogether. Take, for instance, Jane Wyman and Love.

Let's start from scratch. Today. Nobody is more weary of the sad tales that even today are still creeping up in the magazines and newspapers depicting her squatting in the wreckage of a smashed marriage, massaging a crippled heart and weeping for justice and understanding than Jane is herself. The stories are generally illustrated with a photo of Jane in one of her more dejected screen poses—one that would make a rent collector cry. Jane cringes when she sees them.

"Why," she moans, "do they do this to me? Why don't they use a picture with a smile!"

There is one thing you can be certain about. Jane Wyman, now, in 1952, is a happy, well-adjusted, beautiful divorcee. She loves her children, likes and gets along famously with their dad and, aside from a normal remorse that things didn't last, has no unhappy thoughts about her marriage.

And she's normally interested in love.

When an appointment was made for an interview with a MODERN SCREEN reporter, her publicity agent took a dim view of any possible discussion of romance.

"I don't think she'll talk at all about anything like that," he said.

The reporter decided to try anyway. Seated in a comfortable office in the ele-

gant MCA office in Beverly Hills, the talk had been chummy and chatty.

"Somebody told me," the reporter said, "that you don't want to talk about love."

"That is not true," Jane said. "I always want to talk about love. Let's talk about it all afternoon. I love love. I think it's the greatest thing in the world. But it's got to be *Love*—not a passing fancy."

"That sounds fair," the reporter said.

"I have never objected to talking to the press about my personal feelings for anyone," Jane continued seriously. "But I have objected when a columnist or a writer puts words in my mouth or emotions in my heart. At the time of my divorce I used to read the trash written about how I felt or Ronnie felt and I just couldn't believe it. We were grown up people with a serious problem and we were painted as a couple of moony adolescents with absolutely no sense of responsibility."

Jane got to her feet and walked around the room for a moment or two.

"And during all that time," she continued, "nobody ever called me up and asked me for the facts. They just came to conclusions and printed them."

Standing there defending a principle, Jane Wyman looked as full of vinegar as a high school student. After 17 years in the movies she didn't look a day older than she had when she first signed a contract with Warner Brothers to play giddy flappers in that studio's early musicals. True, the bottle-blonde hair was gone, back to its natural dark brown and the grey was there, but it looked like something she was trying out. There wasn't a wrinkle in her face or a bulge in her figure.

"What about the men your name has been linked with?" she was asked.

"What men?" Jane asked. "Do I go out

Star whose fans turned on him when he was divorced calls 'em his Fang Club.

with more men than the average girl?"

"No," we agreed, "but there have been a few. You've been rumored on the verge of marrying a couple of them."

"That's what I mean," Jane said. "I've been *rumored* on the verge of marrying. Why rumored? Look, if I ever decide I'm going to marry a man there will be no need for rumors. I'll call up everybody I know and tell them about it. I'll take ads. I'll hire somebody to tell about it while I'm asleep."

Jane sat down and got very serious. She wanted to be well understood.

"I think it is a mistake," she said, "for actresses to have their names linked with every man they go out with. Supposing I'm introduced to a man and I find him interesting—for any of a number of reasons. Like maybe he has a nice voice, or he talks well, or he is an authority on something I'm interested in. We would like to get together again. What do we do, arrange to wear disguises and meet behind a sign board? No, we go to dinner or a night club. The photographers come by and snap our pictures. A columnist sees us. The next day it states in the papers we are engaged, and when the magazine comes out a couple of months later, there is a picture of me and the guy with a caption reading we're the current hottest romance. By that time the poor fellow is probably back home in Cleveland or someplace and maybe married. That's kind of silly."

Jane had to get up and get a drink of water. She moved about the office like a show girl leaving for work.

"And think about how it scares the fellow," she said abruptly. "Maybe I like him and I kind of force him into a date—some

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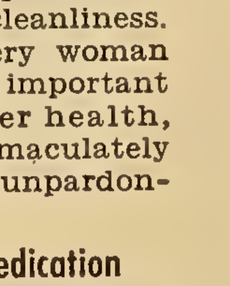
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girls do that, you know. And maybe he just doesn't care too much for my type. When he sees that guff in the papers he's sore—and I'm too embarrassed to see him again. There aren't too many good fellows around these days, honey, and why scare them off?"

"You don't believe, then," the reporter said, "in writers printing hints of romance, or possible romance."

"Of course I don't," Jane said. "Lincoln didn't believe in people printing exaggerated stories about his death, either. I think the word *love* is abused too much by people writing about movie stars. If I were in love with a fellow and he wasn't in love with me I'd never let on. Or if a man was in love with me, and I wasn't with him, the same thing. It is only real when two people are in love together. And, I repeat, when and if that happens to Wyman, you lads will need a lot of new pencils to take down my quotes."

The reporter tried to remember back to see if there ever had been an indication that Jane was seriously interested in any of the men she had gone out with since her divorce.

There was Greg Bautzer. Bautzer, a busy Hollywood lawyer by day, is a butterfly by night. There wasn't an instance in which Jane had even hinted that she was smitten with the handsome Greg—even though it has been printed many times that they were due to tie the marital knot at any moment.

And there had been Lew Ayres. Lew was the first man Jane had dated after her

A Hollywood producer suggested to his secretary that she accompany him on a weekend trip to Palm Springs. "Listen," she snapped, "I may be your typewriter, but I'm not portable!"

Irving Hoffman in The Hollywood Reporter

separation from Ronnie Reagan. There were some bold columnists who said that Jane had left Ronnie because she was in love with Ayres, but, thinking back, time had proven that wrong. Once or twice, Jane had denied romance with Ayres and then had just dummied up. She had just finished making *Johnny Belinda* with Lew and it appeared, in retrospect, that the association had been one of friendship based on a close contact of the moment.

And then there was Manny Sacks, Frank Sinatra's pal and head of RCA records. Jane, while in New York, spent almost all of her free evenings with Sacks and they had been photographed together in most of the swank cafes. She had said, for a couple of columnists, that their relationship was platonic and business. Nobody believed her, so once again she stopped talking about it. The fact that she is now selling phonograph records as a singer sort of proves she was telling the truth.

And then there was the endless talk that Jane would remarry Ronnie. With two children they both love it would be next to impossible for them to stay entirely away from one another, and they have common business interests after ten years of marriage, so dinners and such were inevitable. Whenever the gossip about a reconciliation started. Jane would promptly deny it—once—and then drop the matter and let the reporters write what they pleased.

Yes, it can be truthfully said that Jane Wyman has had more than her fill of rumors about love and romance and she could hardly be blamed for being a little bitter about it and very determined to have no part in future gossiping on those subjects. However, the one thing the writers failed to take into consideration is that Jane really is entirely unlike her screen personality in all respects—and that she wasn't and never has been lonely and pressing for a romance, but just quietly biding her time like any beautiful woman who would rather not live alone.

This reporter tried to double check that angle.

"But wouldn't you like to fall in love?"

"Of course I would," Jane said with a twinkle in her eye. "I'm nuts about the idea. The trouble is, truly, though, that I haven't had much time to expose myself to the bug. For the past four years I have been so busy that I have been doing little else but work and sleep. I go to bed right after dinner and get up at six for an early call—and there aren't many suitors around at that hour. When I work I like to concentrate on what I'm doing, so I spend most of my time between shots in my dressing room learning my lines."

"And how long can this keep up?" she was asked.

"It's just about over," Jane said, laughing and jumping up on the arm of her chair. "When I finish *The Will Rogers Story* at Warner Brothers, sometime early in May, I'm going to buy four or five feet of train, boat and plane tickets and little Janie Wyman is going on a fling."

"Like to where?" we asked.

"Like to Paris," she said. "Like to London, the Riviera, Rome and all points east and west. I have never been abroad for fun. This time that's all I'm going to think about. I'm going to go to England and pick up a couple of chums and I'm going to take them with me and the first one who mentions work gets sent back home in disgrace."

"Is there some man you're thinking about over there?" the reporter asked.

"No," said Jane, "but who knows what will happen? It will be spring. No early calls and lots of time to meet people and get to know them. I'm not looking for romance—but I'm not knocking it."

And if there is romance abroad, or in New York, or right next door, Jane Wyman, given the time to seek it out, will find it. She is riper for love than she thinks, and when she is free from the influence of the drabs she plays in Hollywood movies she might find it easier to locate. There is one thing in her favor, too. She can soften the toughest people.

During the shooting of *Here Comes The Groom*, which she made with Bing Crosby, she even broke down the barrier that surrounds the famous crooner.

During the first couple of weeks of shooting, Bing was polite and considerate, but, as is usual with him, he had little to do with his fellow players. Every afternoon at four, Bing would stop work and go to his dressing room and have a cup of tea, as a pick up. Jane would take advantage of the break and have tea served in her dressing room. It was a ritual that never changed.

One day, though, just a week or so before the picture was finished, Bing called his usual halt.

"Tea time," he said.

Jane left the set and started toward her dressing room.

"Hey," Bing called. "Just a minute. Where are you going?"

"To my dressing room," Jane said, "for tea."

"Nonsense," Bing said. "Follow me, girl, I'm pouring."

And he did. And there is a legend that anyone who can soften Crosby up can get a date with the Statue of Liberty. Jane Wyman may do all right this spring.

THE END

(*Jane Wyman can be seen with Bing Crosby in Paramount's* Just For You.—*Ed.*)

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hollywood's problem lovers

(*Continued from page 29*) certainly have found at least one happy love in her life.

If her face is her fortune—it is also her problem. Hedy's beauty is a living, vital, separate thing to her and to thousands of her fans. Her sheer loveliness has won homage from men the world over—and women have envied her and tried to look like her.

So, is it any wonder that the glamorous Lamarr might easily have developed what the psychiatrists call a Narcissus complex (Narcissus saw his face reflected in a clear pool and promptly fell in love with his own image).

Several men who have been hopelessly (and I mean hopelessly) in love with Hedy have told me that she is in love with them only in the thrilling, rhapsodic early stages of the romance—the flower-sending stage, the ardent courting stage, the first exhilarating chapters when they are literally at her feet, swooning over her.

When the adoring, incense-burning male suddenly becomes a husband or a less ardent suitor, the practical side of love—such as trying to live together happily—is nigh on to impossible. It is one thing to be rapturously "in love" and another to love when there are children's noses to be wiped, groceries to be bought and income taxes to be paid.

Now the rumors are prevalent that Hedy and her fifth husband, Ted Stauffer, are on the verge of separating because "his business keeps him in Mexico"—and hers in Hollywood—I wonder if Hedy's fabulous beauty has been a blessing or a drawback to her personal happiness?

But women are not the only sufferers from love problems—not by a close-up; King (Clark) Gable himself is in self-imposed exile from his kingdom because of the bitterness he feels about his divorce from the former Lady Sylvia Ashley.

As much as he has been adored by feminine followers and deeply loved by many women in his life, Clark has found complete happiness with only one woman, Carole Lombard.

It is commonly believed that her image, permanent in his heart, is the reason he has not found happiness since her death.

And I believe that that is largely true. It was when Sylvia began changing and redecorating the house where Clark had lived so happily with Carole that their love troubles began.

But, what a great many people do not know is that Carole was a business partner, going 50-50 with Clark on all investments and expenses, as well as his perfect love-mate.

That was one marriage in which there was no problem of money because they went along together on everything. This was also true of Clark's second marriage—to Rhea Langham.

So, when Sylvia started spending money like water, it was a new matrimonial experience for The King. One of the few comments he has permitted himself about their separation was, "She spent money faster than I could make it." And, he has told intimates that he will leave the country before he pays Sylvia the enormous amount she is asking. He says that she has a fortune of her own (Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., left her a lot of money). And Clark will fight to the bitter finish any demands her lawyers make for a big financial settlement.

Gary Cooper's love problem is an ancient one! Poor, bewildered, unhappy Coop, one of the most likeable men in the world, is battling the heartache of being in love with two women at the same time. Or let me put it another way: he deeply misses the wonderful home life he shared with Rocky for nearly 18 years and with their daughter Maria. And he is in love with beautiful, serene Patricia Neal.

As I write this—Coop has neither woman. He has been seriously ill and I agree with Pat that much of his illness has been brought on by his inner turmoil, regret over his broken home and the separation from his adored daughter Maria that it entails, conflicting with the love he sincerely feels for Pat.

The fact that Gary's predicament is not novel and many men have faced similar crises, doesn't make the pain any less acute for him.

He told me soon after he separated from Rocky, "We are no longer happy together. But a man can't live with a woman for 18 years and know the happiness of being a father and husband so long—without feeling a terrific sense of loss."

And he said to me about Pat, "I love her and she loves me. But this is not the solution to everything!"

Obviously not—for several weeks ago, Pat told Coop she is stepping out of his life forever—or until he can decide in his own heart, which love is the strongest.

Among the younger men, Farley Granger seems to me to be having one of the most serious problems to solve. I think "Farl" was at one time very much in love with Shelley Winters. And he has had other romantic flutterings.

But, first, Farley feels he must make his way as an artist and a successful star. He

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cannot fall wholly in love—and leave the world well lost for the consequences—because his own future is so much in his thoughts.

Farley isn't out for big money, either. More than anything else he wants to be recognized as a serious artist, an actor who has made an artistic as well as financial success of his career.

This introspection does not make him the ideal suitor even for a girl like Shelley Winters who is, herself, a most ambitious gal. Which brings us to the love life of our girl "Shell."

At this writing she is in Rome to bring back the person and affection of one Vittorio Gassman who, Shelley declares to high heaven, is the love of her life. She has known him, I should say, about three months. But, already she is at work planning his divorce from his Italian wife, so that she can get him as fast as possible to Las Vegas. Then, says she, they will marry.

I say this will take a bit of doing, over and above Shelley's madly expressed passion for the gent. In the first place, he is not a citizen. In the second place, he told his friends in Rome that he and Shelley were just good friends and that he had no intention of asking for a divorce.

Certainly, this situation was clear to Miss Winters who is far from a dumbbell. But Shelley has a little way of falling in love where it will get the best and biggest headlines. Only a lady not allergic to publicity would have toured Europe with one man (Farley) and come home "engaged" to another—and a married man, at that. (Since this they have *both* announced that they'll wed.)

Shelley, like Farley, has a hell-bent determination to be a successful star and an exciting one. At the present stage of her career, I believe she is far more interested in love affairs which will attract plenty of newspaper space than in really falling in love and settling down to an inconspicuous married life. Although, of course, I may be wrong.

ODD as it may seem, I believe that just the opposite is true of another blonde beauty, Lana Turner. Lana's real love trouble is that she *can't* find a man who wants her for herself alone—and not for her glamorous reputation as a fascinating screen star.

I know Lana, and I say she would gladly give up her career if she could find the right man to share her life. She can't—and perhaps she never will find this paragon of pure love who will cherish her above her glowing success.

Lana did everything in her power to hold her marriage to Bob Topping together, even to saying she would not re-sign a contract with MGM if he wanted her to be free to travel and be just Mrs. Topping. There was a time when she would have given up her career for Tyrone Power. She would give it up for any man she sincerely loves.

But her love problem is finding this man who will and can love as deeply as Lana—when she falls in love!

There are other "problem lovers" in Hollywood who, like these examples I have named for you, have troubles in working out their emotional happiness. Your own problem may be like one of theirs—or something entirely different. Some of these heart troubles will be solved—and some won't.

But the wisemen of the ages have agreed that the best recipe for love is—to love, to put the happiness of the loved one before your own. Unselfish love can be and has been unrequited—but it is never shallow or empty and, as Ralph Waldo Emerson put it, "never wasted."

THE END

movie reviews

(*Continued from page 23*) horse parlor instead of getting out a paper every day. Crawford is booming the circulation of the *New York Express* sky high with sensations and scandals when his own past catches up. It's Rosemary DeCamp, the wife he deserted just 20 years ago—and Rosemary wants justice now. In a scuffle Crawford accidentally kills Rosemary but cleverly covers his traces. You guessed it—Derek, the reporter Crawford himself raised and trained, gets on the story, solves the case and has to turn in his own boss. The law and Crawford shoot it out all over the offices of the *Express*. As Crawford dies, he dictates the inside story of his crime. "Write it up big, kid," he gasps to Derek. "It'll sell a lotta papers." Maybe, but it didn't jolt our circulation a bit.

Cast: John Derek, Donna Reed, Broderick Crawford.—Columbia.

BEND OF THE RIVER

Bend Of The River takes us along with a band of hardy pioneers going to settle in the wilds of Oregon some hundred years ago. These settlers, led by Jimmy Stewart, ride in covered wagons, paddle boats up the river, meet and lick Indians, and generally have more lusty, rip-roaring experiences than you'll find in our tired aspirin age. Altogether *Bend Of The River* has more than a giant-size portion of shootin' and fightin' and hollerin'. Stewart has to whip many shifty characters along the way to Oregon and all the while he has to keep his sharpest eye on Arthur Kennedy, who may be perfectly good but then again may be perfectly bad. Throughout the journey most of the suspense comes from this question: is this fellow Kennedy on our side or against us? Both Stewart and Kennedy play their parts so laconically that their very calm makes you feel you're surely on top of a powder keg. You'll have to find out about Kennedy for yourself—we won't tell you—and while you're finding out, you'll get a boot out of the fighting, the natural handsomeness of Oregon and finally the peaceful life the settlers win after much hardship. Julia Adams is one of the pioneers in *Bend Of The River* and she's a very special reason why we'd have liked to have been an Oregon settler, too.

Cast: James Stewart, Arthur Kennedy, Julia Adams, Rock Hudson.—U.-I.

VIVA ZAPATA!

Marlon Brando made sparks fly in *A Streetcar Named Desire*. In *Viva Zapata!* he sets the screen ablaze. His characterization of an illiterate Mexican peasant who fights boldly for a better life for the people has the fire and grandeur of profound acting. Written by John Steinbeck, *Viva Zapata!* is a poetic and majestic look into the Mexico of some 50 years ago. Brando, as Zapata, one of the titans of Mexican history, is young, uneducated and dedicated. He becomes loved among the peasants but so feared among politicians that the Mexican Army goes after him, catching him in an ambush and shooting at him mercilessly until he is dead. This story of Zapata's life has been directed by Elia Kazan with a proper sense of tragedy, but also with an appreciation of the fun and vitality in Zapata's nature. It is rare and funny and significant to see this peasant youth love a girl, marry her, and on their wedding night, make her give him his first lesson in reading.

Cast: Marlon Brando, Jean Peters, Anthony Quinn.—20th Century-Fox.

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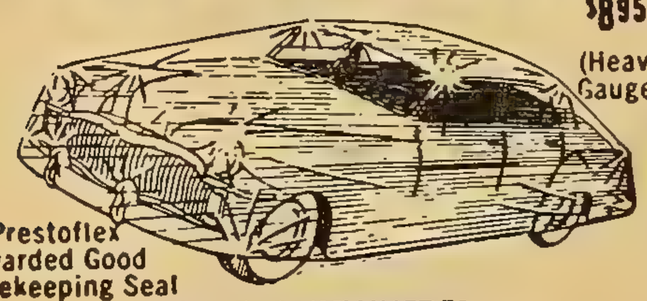
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the beautiful brain trust

(*Continued from page* 61) hidden talents even eluded Jeanne's closest friends. One of them—Fay Becket—says, "When I first met Jeanne I thought she was just another dream girl." And Betty Ling adds, "Jeanne and I were the only young women at a party in Palm Springs the day we met. Naturally, I thought we'd have a lot in common, but I had to *drag* every word out of her. So then, of course, I thought, well, she's beautiful, but that's all." Jerry Hunt, wife of her business manager, says, "The first time I met Jeanne I was waiting for my husband in the car outside her home, and she insisted that I come in. I did, but she became almost silent as soon as I'd stepped inside the door. Then she took me to the nursery to see her baby (it was her first) and she talked a lot about him. I thought then that children would be all I'd ever talk about with her."

Eventually, though, Jeanne joined these ladies in their sewing circle. At first, they all had to laugh about it. "She couldn't even thread a sewing machine," says Jerry Hunt. "A sewing machine! Why, she couldn't even thread a simple needle. But three months later Jeanne made herself a felt skirt with caricatures on it that had everybody agog."

"That's what I love about Jeanne," Betty Ling says. "She grasps things so quickly that before we experts know it she's better than *we* are!"

"A few months after we met," Jerry Hunt recalls, "we invited her to go on a hunting trip. She was the first one to bring down a dove and she helped pluck the rest of them. I was amazed when she said she'd never been hunting before. And fishing. Naturally, now we all go fishing together, but even when Jeanne first started going with us she'd bring in a haul. 'How do you do it?' I asked her once, and she said, 'Oh, I just offered a little prayer to St. Peter.'"

But now let's really go back, far back into Jeanne's life when she had no thought of Hollywood, and try to find a key to her present personality. If Jeanne's mother were listening in to these descriptions of her daughter, she wouldn't blink an eye. She knows her girl. "Jeanne always mastered everything quickly," says her mother. "She learned to read at three, to swim expertly at five. Piano-playing, painting, ice-skating, tennis—she tried them all and did them all well. I used to pray that I would have the wisdom to guide her. But she was so introspective, it was hard to fathom her mind. I had reason to worry most when she entered her teens, because this was a hard time for her." And this was a time that might explain a lot that happened after.

In high school at 12, Jeanne was a straight A student. She was the youngest and the smartest and many of her classmates at St. Mary's Academy knew how to use *her* brain. On the day before a history test, for example, they'd gather around her and she'd condense pages of required reading on the Mayflower Compact into less than 50 words.

When she'd finish, one of the girls would turn to the others, saying, "Well, we won't have to study that tonight. How about going ice-skating instead?"

"But she'd never ask me," Jeanne still vividly recalls. "I was a pretty good ice-skater, too. Suddenly I saw I wasn't exactly in the swim. They gathered around me only at school and only because I was a brain!"

Believe it or not, Jeanne deliberately started making mistakes in order to get marks as low as her struggling fellow students. But that didn't increase her popularity. Then she thought the thing to do was to seek out popular girls and invite them places.

One night, she asked such a girl to have dinner, go to a football game and stay overnight with her. The girl refused politely; she had other plans, but the next day she called to ask what kind of time Jeanne had.

"Terrible," Jeanne moaned. "It's just as well you didn't go. It rained and . . ."

"Oh, that's a shame," sympathized the girl. "We had the most *marvelous* time!"

"When I hung up the phone," Jeanne reports now, "I said to my mother, 'Nobody else ever seems *not* to have a good time. Why is it *I'm* the only one who's disappointed?'

"Mother answered, 'They don't always have a good time. They just don't let the world know. People aren't attracted to those who are always disappointed.'"

Thinking that over, Jeanne realized that the popular girls made the smallest event seem exciting with their enthusiasm, or turned a mishap into an adventure.

"When I analyzed what they said, it was only small talk but it was magic at *that age.*"

The first time Jeanne used this magic was when she went to a Junior Prom at another high school. Her escort wasn't the boy she'd wanted—the one she'd wanted hadn't asked her.

"For the first time I kept quiet about the other boy. Instead," she smiles, "I talked as though the boy I went with was *the one!* I raved about the wonderful time we'd had and about the other couple with us. It worked, too! The girls accepted me as a person, not a brain."

Jeanne was graduated from high school at 15, still under the spell of that victory. If people didn't react to brains, she'd be brainy enough not to act too bright! At 17, when she was signed by 20th Century-Fox, she concealed her real reason for wanting to be an actress. (That reason, by the way, was her desire to sample the kind of lives—through acting—which interested her.) She thought she'd entered a world that demanded beauty and small-talk, not brains and talent. Wasn't Vanessa Brown, a fellow player, bemoaning the fact that she couldn't make people forget she'd been a Quiz Kid?

"I didn't set foot inside the studio commissary for six months after I was signed," she says. "No one asked me and I couldn't face it alone. The adult world is actually quite a step from school. At least it was for me. I was very lonely."

Instead of people, books became her constant companions in her dressing room and between scenes on the sets. "The Fountainhead" set off her interest in architecture. Other books opened new fields to her.

When she did eat in the commissary, her beauty was a magnet. But the people who noticed her, noticed her silence, too. She absorbed all she heard and saw, but she talked little. Because she accepted all which came her way with serenity, she was called the most co-operative actress in the studio.

Only the fact of her marriage to Paul Brinkman, a man completely of her own choosing, indicated she was other than a wholly docile beauty.

Georgianna Montalban unconsciously reveals Jeanne's former attitude when she says, "One evening when she was here, Ricardo was simmering over being typed as a guitar-playing Latin lover, and threatening to insist that the studio give him meatier roles.

"Jeanne told him, 'The people who run studios see you objectively. It's pretty

hard to see yourself that way even on the screen. But those men do. It takes time for them to find a role which gives your fans what they expect from you, plus something more challenging to you as an actor. Don't insist on anything in particular. Just be prepared for different types of roles, and if you're capable of playing them, sooner or later you will.'

"The more Ricardo thought about her words," Mrs. Montalban concludes, "the more sense they made to him. Now he's glad he didn't make a fuss because varied roles have been coming his way."

At that time, Jeanne firmly believed her words, and firmly felt that *Pinky* proved her right. But, oddly enough, the studio did not give her more challenging roles. She found herself doing more young girl parts, while the solid roles went to other actresses.

One day she exclaimed to Jerry Hunt, "I guess I've committed Hollywood's deadliest sin. I talk so much about my marriage and my children that nobody thinks I can talk about anything else."

Her rebellion grew and she decided to go after the role in *People Will Talk*. Joseph Mankiewicz was amazed. He, too, thought of her as "Margie." While they argued back and forth, Mankiewicz began to see her in a new light and seemed almost convinced that she'd be right for the part. But he told her, "I'm sorry, but Anne Baxter is being announced for the role tomorrow. We've already told her."

That stopped Jeanne, all right. But just before the picture was ready to go into production, Anne excitedly informed the studio that she and John Hodiak at long last were expecting a child, and she'd decided to withdraw from the movie.

Mankiewicz called Jeanne and told her to cut her hair, because she had the part. Jeanne cut it without a whimper, and then she sent him a huge bottle of champagne with a card attached that read, "If I fail you, you may pickle me in this!" He didn't. Without waiting for critics' opinions, he broke open the bottle at the end of production and everyone celebrated.

To hear her friends tell the difference a simple hair-cut has made in Jeanne is to hear a complete reversal of Samson's historical shearing.

"She's become even more exciting to her friends in the last few months," Betty Ling reports. "We knew a long time ago there was more to her than our first impressions led us to believe. But no matter what she wore or what she did before she cut her hair, that beautiful girlish mane blinded everyone to the sophistication which was there all the time."

"We used to tease her about her little girl clothes," her long-time pal Peggy O'Connor says. "But not any more. She's so chic now. We also noticed how shy she was around our husbands, too, but now she kids them just as naturally as can be.

"She can hold court in a discussion too. One day, not long ago, when our group started talking about religion and philosophy, Manning started needling her. He was raised by the Jesuits and is used to challenging most people when they talk on those subjects. Much to his surprise, she really put him in his place. Now he thoroughly enjoys seriously discussing the subject with her because he knows her faith comes through intelligence, not just pure emotionalism or childhood habit."

Enlarging this intimate picture of Jeanne, Fay Becket quotes her husband, world famous architect Welton Becket, who did Jeanne's home: "She knew just what she wanted and how to tell it." That's real praise from an architect. Mrs. Becket continues, "It's hard to give specific instances that illustrate Jeanne isn't just the dream girl I thought she was. Only the other night, though, we had a dinner party for eight. The men were financial experts and when their conversation swung in that direction, Jeanne astonished them by her knowledge of their field. It doesn't seem to matter what kind of expert is around, Jeanne can talk his language."

Business manager Wally Hunt confirms Jeanne's financial astuteness. "Her one fault is her over-generosity to charity," he says. "Every so often, I have to say, 'Wait a moment, what about yourself?' She'll just point to what she's allocated for herself on the budget and say, 'I'll manage on this.' She does, too. She's one of the very few creative people I know who lives within her budget. That's why she's in the good position she is. You don't have to talk baby talk to her when it comes to investments."

All these facets add up to a mature, sophisticated woman and her recent screen roles seem to indicate they add up to an actress whose performances will be eyed as possible Academy Award contenders.

Certainly the studio looks at her in this light now. Following *People Will Talk* came *The Model And The Marriage Broker*.

Paul Kohner, her agent, says with confidence, "This is just the beginning of Jeanne's real career. Her immaturity has always been an outward thing. She's most intelligent and adult. Of course she's playing a young girl again in *Belles On Their Toes* but that's a sequel to *Cheaper By The Dozen* and it's logical she should play the role."

Then why has Jeanne gone through those shallow phases of personality and career which were destructive to the ultimate goal she had set for herself?

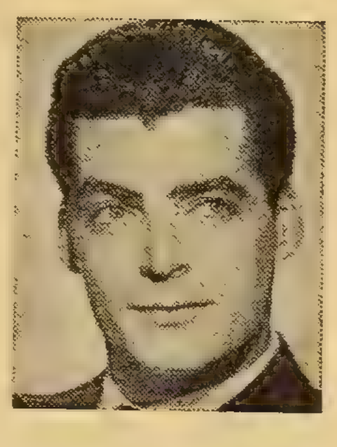
Jeanne attributes it to the day at St. Mary's Academy when she decided it didn't pay to be a brain. Learning to deal successfully in small talk brought her that much desired youthful popularity as a person. Those impressions stayed with her too long.

How has she erased those teen-age scars?

The answer seems to lie in director John Huston's words, which Jeanne herself quotes: "In my work, I do only things to please myself. If the world in general happens to like something I do and is really moved by it, that's just good fortune. I don't know how to set about doing anything to please anyone else."

She feels that Huston expresses the thoughts of many people like herself. As a result she has become a mature actress and joins the company of such exceptionally successful women as Irene Dunne and Loretta Young. Self-assured, beautiful, charming, feminine women whose world includes a happy marriage, children and distinguished success. What more can any woman, and especially, a beautiful brain trust like Jeanne, ask of life? THE END

I SAW IT HAPPEN



As my friend and I were leaving the theater we noticed two handsome fellows walking in back of two tiny girls. "That's Rory Calhoun," I yelled. My friend replied, "Yeah, look at these two kids in front of them." Rory laughed, for one of those "kids" was his wife!

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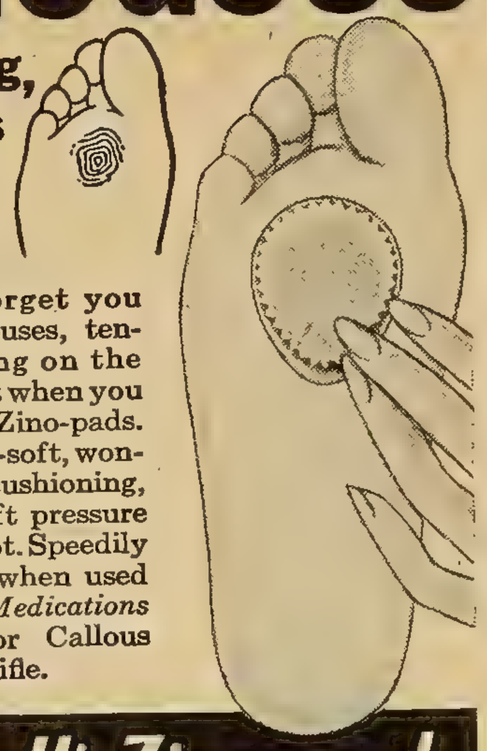
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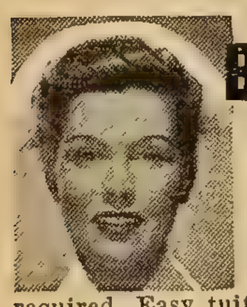
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is jean pete's pick?

(*Continued from page 24*) Inwardly, though, he must be aware of it, more now than ever. On his return from England, he went back to the home where he and his parents, Lord and Lady Lawford, have lived ever since he became an important star. But he must have found that his roots were no longer here in Hollywood, because for the first time in his life, Pete became a lonesome guy.

It is almost surprising that Peter Lawford is an actor at all—he is so completely and almost agonizingly normal. Consider his two best friends, for instance, the late Lieutenant Charlie Dunne and Bob Walker. Pete and Charlie met for the first time on the public beach at Santa Monica where they used to play volley ball with a gang of guys and gals. They had a strong common interest in athletics of all sorts, particularly surf-boarding at Malibu.

And Pete's other staunch friend, Bob Walker, was completely the opposite—the quiet, almost bookish type who preferred a tough session of poker to a walk around the block. Lawford has always had a lot in common with the friends he chose, plus one trait that set him completely apart. This was his constant itch for travel.

A friend who had invited Pete to dinner might get a telegram the day before, saying that the actor was en route to Bermuda.

As one buddy of his put it, "Oh, Pete's the dependable type, all right. He'll always get there, but he might occasionally be six months late for dinner."

"I'll admit it," he said, recently, "it's the escapist in me that makes me keep on the go so much. And don't make a big thing of it. I've never been running away from a particular thing or person. It's just that I've never built a life around myself consisting of a lot of possessions. And what's so unusual about that. I like to travel frequently, fast, and far."

And that's just what he has done, getting away from the intricate life of Hollywood that has tried to snare many young men like him into almost everything they didn't want, from business deals to marriage. He has always liked to choose romance, or find it by chance, not have it thrust on him because someone decided that the best thing for him would be to find a wife. In the past, Peter has taken everything Hollywood has been able to throw his way, with no outward evidence of being disturbed.

When one writer called him a "wolf," because of his numerous dates with the glamor girls, he was displeased, but didn't go around ranting and raving. When another called him "tight," because he didn't toss his money around, and never gave him credit for the manner in which he has so long been more than generous to his friends and relatives, there were still no attack of dramatics. He was well aware that on the surface these things seemed to have at least a trace of truth to them. But inwardly, he knew what he was and what he wanted.

It is this stubborn preference on Pete's part that has brought him the most important romance of his life. At first, none of his friends would believe it. Pete had gone to Honolulu on one of his sudden, unannounced vacations, and shortly thereafter his name began to be linked with a girl named Jean MacDonald. This linking business meant little to any of his friends. It happened all the time.

The seriousness of Pete's feeling for Jean, and vice-versa, didn't come into the open until many months later. Pete finished a picture called *Kangaroo*, for 20th Century-Fox, and he stopped off to visit Jean on the islands. She was working on a newspaper there, where her mother, Mrs. Marion Blair, is in the real estate business. And Jean, talking to Pete during the hours they spent together on the beach, told him of her journalistic ambitions. It was Pete who suggested that she come to the States, and find a job.

That's exactly what she did, some weeks later, only to discover that the vicinity of Hollywood is filled to the brim with young talent (she's 22), looking for magazine and newspaper work. It was only natural that Pete should help her all he could, but Jean insisted on making a go of it by herself. Fortunately, it was not a case of work or starve, so she free-lanced for awhile, and waited for an opening.

Now comes the coincidence at which the calloused characters of Hollywood love to wink. Jean found her chance for a job at Pete's own home studio, MGM. Knowing that it might cause some talk, she talked to Pete about taking over a position in the publicity department. He advised her to do exactly what she would do if she had never known him at all, so she took the job.

You have to live in Hollywood to realize what a tough situation something like this can be. There are movie stars who have friends among people who work in publicity departments, but these friendships usually are fleeting, and almost never on a socially equal basis. The whole town of Hollywood is marked by sharply defined levels of society.

There is the "A Group," the directors, producers, stars and top writers, who play tennis together, live in the same neighborhoods, marry and divorce each other endlessly. Then there is the "B Group," consisting of lesser players who can't afford big homes and Cadillacs. Their lives are emotionally mixed up with the assistant directors, the cutters, and others engaged in lesser capacities in helping to make movies. Last comes the "C" or fringe group: These are the publicity workers, magazine and newspaper writers. In themselves they are rather a happy and successful group, but their lives seldom cross those of the other groups.

To put it bluntly, a top feminine star falls in love with her press agent, only in novels, and never in Hollywood. And to desert delicacy completely, there are those who are now whispering off-stage, "Whatever in the world does Pete Lawford see in that little publicity girl?"

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The answer is—plenty! Pete sees more in this slim, intelligent, dark-eyed Jean MacDonald than he has in any of the glamor girls with whom his name has been linked. The gossip inference is that Jean is a little Miss Nobody who has set her cap for Movie Star Lawford. And the inference is so strong that people in publicity have passed along the word to "soft pedal" the linking of their names.

Whether Jean MacDonald knows this, or knowing, is influenced by Hollywood's rather undemocratic attitude about the relationship between men and women in widely differing salary brackets, isn't possible to say. But someone should point out in print that Miss MacDonald's education and background is considerably superior to most movie stars, even though her salary of perhaps slightly more than $100 a week does not place her in the "A Group" of Hollywood society. And her all-around qualifications as a fit wife for Pete are undoubtedly ten times better than most of the several times divorced stars with whom his name has been linked off and on during the years.

While all this frankness is going on, it should also be known that Pete Lawford feels very deeply about Jean MacDonald. And between them, the ultimate mutual decision they make about the subject of marriage will be based on their love and respect for each other. If Pete Lawford asks her to be his bride (as he may before this article reaches print) it wouldn't make any difference to him whether she was a $5,000 a week star, a waitress in a drive-in, or sold papers on a street corner.

Among other things of which Pete has been accused is a too acute social consciousness. This stems largely from the fact that he is English, his father bears the title of Sir and his mother is always addressed as Lady Lawford.

The truth is that Pete has always been the most democratic of movie stars. Editors and reporters are not surprised to see him come strolling into their offices, unannounced. He drops in to say hello, if he likes them, and not for the purpose of getting his name into, or out of any magazine or newspaper.

Pete has always been like this and always will be. The only change in him, already mentioned, is increasing evidence of adulthood. Credit part of that to the loss of two of his closest friends, to his growing a little older, and to the increasing realization that much of Hollywood's attitude towards its stars is far less genuine and understanding than those who are on the "outside."

Delving into the facts still more, observers noted that when Pete was greeted by Jean at the airport when he arrived back from England after finishing *T For Terror*, he brought with him several gifts for her—a rollicking Boxer pup named Sam, and some attractive sweaters he'd picked up in Scotland.

It was expected, then, that this friendship would blossom into an altar-bound romance over-night. Certainly, Pete made no bones of the fact that he was barely interested in Sharman Douglas, an old flame whom he only saw once or twice while in England.

For several weeks, Jean and Pete were seen frequently together. Skiing with friends in the mountains, having dinner together at the quiet Ready Room restaurant, or hiking on the beach with Sam, the Boxer.

Everything seemed to be developing normally and naturally, until the sudden report from nowhere that the two had quarreled seriously. The suspicion is that Jean might have absorbed some of the always too freely given advice in some quarters to the effect that actors are insincere no-goods of whom a girl can't be too careful. She may have given Pete some sort of an ultimatum, to the effect that it would be better, considering their different stations in life as it's lived in Hollywood, for them to go their separate ways.

The facts are that when Pete momentarily stopped seeing Jean MacDonald, he took no other girls out . . . he continued to look for a home of his own, out around Brentwood and Pacific Palisades, and he temporarily stored the considerable amount of furniture and antiques which he had purchased in England.

There is no question that the course of Pete's life has completely changed, and the reasons are the factors which have been set down in this article. Today Pete Lawford is a finer actor than ever before, a more solid and thoughtful individual. He will always be a man who likes to travel at the slightest provocation, but the prediction here is that before long those trips of his will no longer be in the nature of solo flights.

He quite likely will have Mrs. Peter Lawford with him. The End

"I'll never marry again"

(*Continued from page 35*) Ann Miller and even Barbara Whiting."

I reminded Dan not so long ago, a very reputable reporter had quoted him at a party as saying that he was going to marry Miss Nigh. "Complete misunderstanding," Dan assured me. "This is what happened. I took *Annie Miller* to that party. And when I was asked if I had plans to marry Jane, I said no, but that if I did, kiddingly, I'd let the reporter know. I guess with all the noise around us she thought I said yes I was getting married to Jane. Jane was furious. Called me after reading the item, and said, 'If you *are* going to marry me, I think I ought to be told.'"

"Don't get me wrong about Jane. We have a lot of laughs together and she's swell. She's easy to be with, she can romp around in blue jeans, or dress up and look like a queen at a party. But we are not getting married." Don't take this to mean that Jane is not in love or ready to fall in love with Dan. He's the most likable and eligible bachelor we have. But I think Jane realizes he aims to stay one.

"How about you and Ann Miller going to London together next year to dance at the Palladium? If you do, won't that revive talk of a romance?" I ask Dan. "We'll do two weeks at the Palladium," says Dan. "But I'm not in love with Annie, and she's not in love with me. It'll take her a long time to want to marry anyone again." Ann never discusses her marriage and divorce from wealthy Reese Milner, but she was sick for months after losing her baby, and Milner soon after. It was a heart-breaking experience.

But like all of the girls he dates, Ann adores Dan. "He's the best companion I've ever had," she told me when I questioned her about seeing Dan so often. "And," she added unnecessarily, "he's a dreamboat and a dreamy dancer."

I can't understand a man like you, basically quiet and rather shy, dating a brash exhibitionist like Shelley Winters," says your reporter, digging into Dan's





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motives over the roast beef and baked potato. "Well, I'll tell you," says Dan. "Not many people understand Shelley. She's very frightened really, and the noise is a cover up. I like her, even if I don't want to marry her or any other girl in show business.

"It's like this with girls in show business," says Dan. "I have to work with them all day long on the set. A guy has to be careful how he handles them. I wouldn't want to come home and have to go through all that in the evening, too. I'd prefer someone who was more interested in my career, not interfering, of course. But telling me when this scene was good, and that, not so good. You know, making like she cared about my work. An actress is too busy caring about her own.

"But what other women do I have a chance of meeting? I've been in this business most of my life. I didn't go to college, I didn't belong to any fraternities. And I feel awkward when men who did talk about it. So I stick pretty close to people in show business. Those are the girls I know, and those are the girls I don't want to marry."

"How about June Haver?" I pause between pastry bites to ask.

"She's sweet, but can you see me married to June?" Dan demands. "I can't."

"That leaves Barbara Whiting," says I. He laughs. "What would I do with a young kid like that? Or with any young girl? I prefer people who know their way around. You know how it is with young girls. They hero worship a movie star. I couldn't take that as a steady diet."

"There are always girls in society," says I. "Wasn't your wife a local society girl?" Dan gives me a quizzical look, asks for the check, and says, "Let's you and I go to the Mocambo." So we leave the Encore and step into Dan's car—a Ford. "What happened to your Cadillac?" I ask, as we drive the short distance to the glossy night club on the Strip. "My wife took it, along with everything else," says Dan, a bit on the grim side, but not for long. Smiling comes just naturally to him, and being kind. I'm sure that his ex-wife is going to wake up one day and say, "Why in heck did I ever lose him?"

"Liz, you were asking about Liz," says Dan, when we sit against the plush wall inside the darkened Mocambo. "That 'society' business, where did you get it from? Her family was wealthy, that's all. She was terribly unhappy at home. I was sorry for her. When I had to go overseas during the war, in '42, we married.

"We were never really in love," confesses Dan. "Her family hates actors, they made it difficult for us. But at the beginning, when we didn't have much, we were quite happy. And when Danny was born, I thought this was it—I had a home, paid for, money in the bank, horses, a good job, a son, a beautiful wife. All the things I thought I had wanted all my life. Something to build a good future on. But then Liz changed. She was restless, didn't know what she wanted, but it obviously wasn't me. When she told me she wanted a divorce, I begged her to reconsider. It seemed such a wanton waste of what could have been a secure happy life.

"That's when I became so confused. I was working very hard and the combination finally landed me in the Menninger Clinic. It turned out to be the best thing that ever happened to me. I learned to re-value what I had, and find out what I wanted. The first thing they taught me there was to get outside myself. That's what makes people unhappy, especially women. They're absorbed with themselves. You have to forget yourself to be happy. When a woman obsessed with herself loses her looks, heaven help her.

"There was a publisher at the Clinic. Yes, he was there for treatment too. A lot of the cases were really bad, but the Menningers' will never take a patient unless they believe they can effect a cure. I was advised to write as therapy. I showed some of my pieces to the publisher. He said they were obviously amateurish, but that I had the faculty of putting down on paper the way people actually speak.

"And I started to write songs at Menninger's. Now I write two songs a week. One day,"—and Dan points to singer Billy Daniels, "he'll be telling his audience, 'Ladies and Gentlemen, this next song you are about to hear was written by a movie actor—Dan Dailey.'" And Dan laughs again, that easy laugh of his.

Dan was in the Menninger Clinic about six months, at a cost of $1,500 a month. "But it was worth every cent. I wish Liz would have gone there, it might have given her a sense of real values. Sure I see a lot of Liz now, we went with our little son Danny to Lake Arrowhead in the summer. She lives a few blocks from my apartment in Beverly Hills and any time I want to see Danny, I just walk in. Liz is out of town a lot, restlessly looking for whatever it is she wants, then I have Danny stay with me."

THE two Dans are close buddies. "We sleep in twin beds in the same bedroom in my apartment, I get his breakfast and take him with me to the studio. That's my life and I want him to know it. He has a ball on the set, they let him ride with the camera, and if he gets in anyone's way they just put him aside. But he's a good kid. There are so many things I won't ever know about him, because he lives with his mother most of the time. But my work—that we can have in common."

"What makes you so sure you'll never marry again?" says I after an exhilarating whirl around the dance floor in Dan's arms. "Come to my home sometime and you'll understand better," invites Dan. "I'm happier living alone. After I left the Clinic I stayed for six months with Al Melnick and his family. (Al's Dan's

IT HAPPENED TO ME



Before leaving Texas for art school in New York, my mother warned me, "Now, don't take up with strangers!"

One day I was rushing to a class from a downtown exhibit and found myself trapped on the wrong side of Fifth Avenue while a Memorial Day parade passed by. Tanks, soldiers, and more soldiers passed endlessly and I began to be worried about missing my class.

A man beside me said, "I want to get to the other side, too, but it doesn't do any good to worry about it. So . . . just enjoy the parade." I decided he was right and I stopped worrying, but remembering my mother's advice, I wouldn't look at him.

Finally, the parade ended and as I crossed the street, I saw the man go hurriedly on his way. Then I wished I had talked to him, for the "friendly stranger" was no stranger at all . . . but Bing Crosby himself.

Mrs. W. M. Curtis
Sherman, Texas

agent and closest Hollywood friend.) I had to figure out what I wanted to do. When everything was clear in my mind, and I was ready for responsibility again, I looked for an apartment. I have a wonderful butler; he was found for me by Barbara Whiting's family. He comes in every day at 12. It's wonderful not to have to talk to any one in the morning, you must know how that is. My man's a wonderful cook, as good as any wife could be, he looks after me fine. I watch television for hours at night, and I have my books on psychiatry. But I haven't been to a psychiatrist since I left the Clinic. My friends think I live with psychiatrists and always ask me for advice. I don't need psychiatrists any more. I'm happy, but my friends go to them all the time."

"Why do the Menninger doctors believe it's bad for you to fall in love?" I ask Dan as we drive to my home. "I guess they think it's better for me not to have any problems. But Sheilah, how could a wife improve my position? I go home when I like, see whom I like, make as much noise as I like, dress as I like. Tonight I wore a tie for you. But usually just a shirt and pants. My career is doing great, I make thousands of dollars a week—it all goes in taxes, but still I make it, and it thrills me to see those checks.

"But don't get me wrong, I love girls. And my idea of a wonderful girl is someone very feminine, whose arms are soft when she puts them around my neck. But no falling in love." When Dan perceives the slightest hint of possessive love, he's off in the opposite direction before she can say, "Kiss me." "That's something *I* like to say anyway—I mean, 'Kiss me,'" Dan laughs, stops the car before my house, and hops out to open the door for me.

"Before you go," says I, "What would you say is your philosophy of life in general?"

"Sounds corny," Dan answers, "but it's this, 'Do unto others as you would have them do unto you.' Then you are sure to hurt nobody."

I've enjoyed my evening and I tell him so. "So have I," says Dan. "How about dinner one day next week?"

I hope this means I've joined his rotating line of ladies. My head is certainly spinning enough to qualify. He's a sweet guy to be with. Easy to talk to, gay, friendly. But I can't promise not to fall in love with him. I'm kidding of course—on the level. THE END

(Dan Dailey will soon be seen in 20th Century-Fox's The Girl Next Door.—*Ed.)*

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If you can jump faster than a proverbial March hare, you can move in like a lion, and breeze out like a lamb with a free greenback. We're giving away (for free) 100 one-dollar bills to the first 100 people who send in this questionnaire. All you have to do is read all the stories in this April issue and fill out the questions below—carefully. Then send it to us with all haste. We've got your money waiting. So why not get started—right now!

QUESTIONNAIRE: Which stories and features did you enjoy most in our April issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2 and 3 AT THE LEFT of your first, second, and third choices. Then let us know what stars you'd like to read about in future issues.

- ☐ The Inside Story
- ☐ Louella Parsons' Good News
- ☐ Mike Connolly's Hollywood Report
- ☐ Is Jean Pete's Pick? (Peter Lawford)
- ☐ Hollywood's Problem Lovers by Louella Parsons
- ☐ Who Is Monty Kidding? (Monty Clift)
- ☐ Lady Be Good (Jane Wyman)
- ☐ "I'll Never Marry Again" (Dan Dailey)
- ☐ Still In Love With Aly? (Rita Hayworth)
- ☐ Little Miss Lonely Heart (Ann Blyth)
- ☐ "I Love You, Chata" (John Wayne)
- ☐ How Betty Grable Lives
- ☐ If He Were Only Single . . . (Ricardo Montalban)
- ☐ The Beautiful Brain Trust (Jeanne Crain)
- ☐ He's Going That-A-Way! (Dale Robertson)
- ☐ Saturday Night at Debbie's (Debbie Reynolds)
- ☐ Pretty Tough (John Derek)
- ☐ I Live With Prayer (Pier Angeli)
- ☐ The Most Beautiful Hair In The World
- ☐ Modern Screen Fashions

Which of the stories did you like least?

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

What 3 FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

What MALE star do you like least?

What FEMALE star do you like least?

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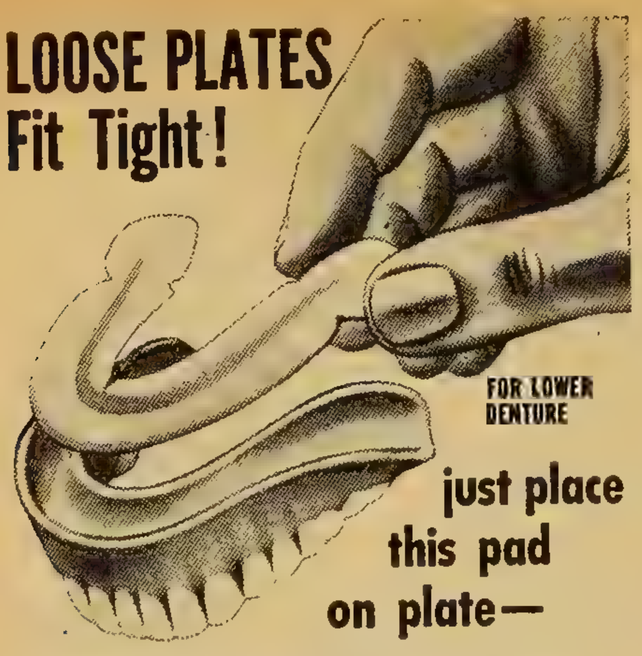
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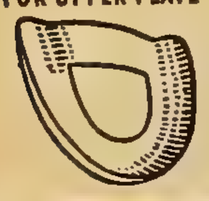
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hollywood report

continued from page 18

and *A Streetcar Named Desire*. . . . Fred Astaire says Donald O'Connor won't make HIS life story. Fred himself will do it, sezze, if it's ever screened.

Imagine Clifton Webb making life miserable for a professional wrestler. It's true. Guy's name is Sandor Szabo. 20th hired him for some rough wrestling scenes with our boy friend Belvedere in *Dream Boat*. And Sandor had to cancel his grunt-and-groan sessions on evening TV shows because Clifton fought him to a frazzle during their daytime hours on the studio soundstage! . . . Now that the Katie Grayson-Mario Lanza feud is out in the open, will she bust loose with the story about how she bit his lip when he made her mad during a romantic scene for *Toast Of New Orleans?* . . . Oleg Cassini had his foot on a Hollywood-bound plane when Gene Tierney filed that fast divorce action. He put it back on the ground. . . . Errol Flynn started the year with four lawsuits. One was his own, against Duncan McMartin, the others were against him: Lili Damita's for $62,000, Bill Marshall's for $25,000, and a third for an unpaid tailor's bill in Australia.



Katie & Mario

DANCING DOLLS:

A bright new ballerina, Britain's Claire Bloom, will soon be grabbing headlines as Charlie Chaplain's leading lady in *Limelight*. But Charlie, who did it with Paulette Goddard once too, won't let the photogs flashbulb Claire till he's ready to turn on the publicity guns. . . . Virginia Mayo plays a character named "Hot Garters Gertie" in her next picture, *She's Working Her Way Through College*. . . . Sally Forrest is taking dancing lessons from Rita Hayworth's father, Jose Cansino.

HE WENT THATAWAY:

Randy Scott, after all these years, just bought himself his first tuxedo. . . . If studio dressing rooms could talk, there's one at Republic that could say a mouthful. Vaughn Monroe inherited Roy Rogers' dressing room when he checked into the San Fernando Valley lot March 3. It's the one that Rogers, in turn, inherited from Gene Autry not so long ago. And both Rogers and Autry left Republic in a HUFF, if you'll recall! . . . Roy is making TV Westerns now. One day last month his posse overrode a scene, running out of camera range, at Iverson's Ranch, and wound up in a Crucifixion procession being shot by the producer of a religious film! They had an awful time separating the cowboys from the long-bearded actors!



Rogers

While visiting out at Republic, we saw John Agar and Ruth Hussey stroll into a saloon. But if the probation department reads this and wonders if John isn't being a good boy after his jail sentence we've got to add that it was for a scene in *Minnesota*. . . . Indians who used to work on location in Westerns for as little as $3 a day won't work for a dime less than $9 a day now! . . . While locationing on *The Saber And The Arrow* in Yuma, Brod Crawford and Barbara Hale put on a benefit and raised $2,000 for the Arizona Boys' Ranch. . . . Clyde Beatty is planning on invading Bill "Hopalong Cassidy" Boyd's territory. Beatty has a line of jungle outfits for kids coming up, and hopes they'll do as well as Hoppy's cowboy duds have been doing.

HOME FIRES BURNING:

Louis and Quique Jourdan bragged to me about their new baby. "He's got my head, eyes and nose," Louis said, "but he looks just like his mother!" . . . Danny and Marie Thomas celebrated their 16th wedding anniversary at Mocambo helping Fran sing one of Danny's *I'll See You In My Dreams* songs, "It Had to Be You" . . . Eleanor Parker rented a trailer, drove it to Tucson and lived in it there while locationing with Bob Taylor in *Eagle On His Cap* . . . Cyd Charisse and Tony Martin are making tape recordings of their Tony, Jr.'s progress instead of taking 16mm movies, as do other parents. Reason, a fairly obvious one: Tony's a singer. . . . MGM tried to keep it a secret, but starlet Paula Raymond is the mother of a four-year-old girl. She's divorced from her first husband.



Hayworth

Burt Lancaster got his first look at his new baby, now eight months old, when he returned from making a picture in Europe. His Norma brought the infant to the airport to meet Pop. . . . Diana and John Anderson will make Joan Bennett a grandmother again in April. . . . Stewart Granger gifted Jean Simmons with diamond earrings on their first wedding anniversary. . . . Rita Hayworth is in Hollywood only for a visit, believe it or not. This isn't her legal home. She's a legal resident of Nevada, at least till the divorce from Aly Khan goes through. . . . Rita may be broke, as of now, but she won't be for long—at $250,000 per picture and 25 percent of the profit. Even Clark Gable doesn't have such a lush deal. . . . Didja know the only jewelry Rita has been wearing for the past several months is a handmade St. Christopher medal with a few diamonds imbedded here and there!

FINANCIAL PAGE:

Doris Day's first year of canarying for Columbia Records earned her $103,000, and that ain't birdseed. . . . Maureen O'Sullivan does better financially as the mother of seven than she ever did as a star. She got $10,000 for posing for two days for some baby oil ads! . . . John Derek is now getting $750 a week at Columbia, where he started for literally peanuts, but he's still loaded with bills and can't finish furnishing his Encino home, even if it does have a swimming pool!



Derek

Guy who sublet Betsy von Furstenberg's apartment when she returned to New York to appear in a play found something while rum-

maging around in the feminine debris she left behind; an MGM paycheck for $173 that she had forgotten to cash. . . . Here we are on the subject of Doris Day again: She's No. One boxoffice queen out at Warners' but in one of her upcoming pictures she has only six pages of dialogue out of an entire script. What a waste of talent! Warner's, why don't you wise up?

FOUR-LEGGED FRIENDS:

Big Noise, the Betty Grable-Harry James racehorse, won $80,000 for them last year. Betty says she'll settle for that anytime in lieu of an Academy Award. . . . Did you know that the James' nags won several stakes during Betty's suspension, and the winnings helped carry the load of her layoff no end? In fact, Betty bought a new bleached seal coat with just a fraction of the take on Big Noise alone.



Grable

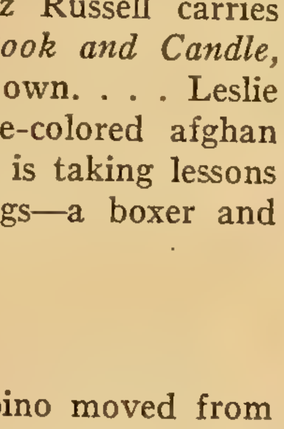
. . . Alan and Sue Ladd bought a new dachshund to replace the one that was killed. . . . And Alan couldn't go to work in *Botany Bay* at Para one morning because he'd been up all night tending a horse on his Hidden Valley ranch that got stuck in a watering trough. Before strangling itself to death, the poor animal took a severe bite out of Alan's helping hand—the right one.

The Siamese cat that Roz Russell carries onstage in her play, *Bell, Book and Candle,* is not a prop but her very own. . . . Leslie Caron named her new beige-colored afghan hound Lana! . . . Bob Ryan is taking lessons in how to train his new dogs—a boxer and a terrier.

TIME TABLES:

Howard Duff and Ida Lupino moved from Malibu to Hollywood so that Ida, who was expecting, wouldn't have so far to drive while producing and directing at RKO. . . . Ida worked, and hard, although her medico advised her to spend as much time as possible in bed until the baby came, because of an old back injury. . . . Pier Angeli, who just learned to drive a car, is now learning to drive a jeep on MGM's Lot Three for her next role—and they've moved everything movable out of the way! Go to it Pier!

Mala Powers and Piper Laurie wrote their names in lipstick on a big shell during their trip to Korea and then saw it fired into the communist lines. . . . Jerry Wald told me it'll be only a matter of a few months before Barbara Stanwyck's next picture, *Clash By Night,* puts her back in the same strong position occupied by Joan Crawford after *Mildred Pierce* was released and won her an Oscar. . . . Margaret O'Brien ordered a flock of off-the-shoulder gowns from dress designer Sari Taffy. Time flies, kids! Pretty soon that O'Brien gal will be keeping us columnists busy!



Stanwyck

THE END

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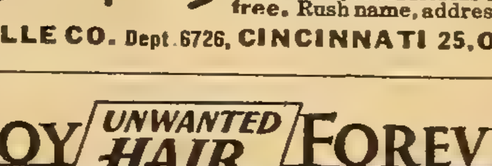
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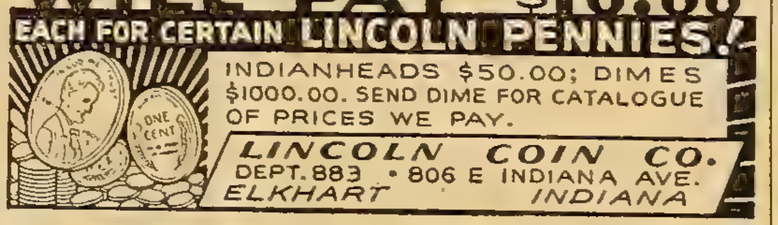


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still in love with aly?

(*Continued from page* 37) What magic words had Aly uttered to so weaken Rita's determination for freedom? "He just wanted to ask about the children and wish us a very happy New Year. That's all," was Rita's explanation.

Which leaves you with nothing but the fact that 30 minutes is an awfully long time for a simple New Year's greeting.

It seems more likely, in view of Rita's present attitude, that Aly spent most of the time confessing his love, talking reconciliation and exploring the possibility of his flying to Hollywood to see Rita and his child. It may well be that he ended up by pleading with his beautiful wife to leave open the door of marriage.

Undoubtedly, Aly Khan is still very much in love with Rita—and always has been. When she left him last spring, he wrote her a long letter which read, in part: "I certainly do not want to remarry or have any woman in my heart except yourself . . . You can hardly imagine how I feel your loss, and as long as there is a particle of hope, I for my part will not wish to lose it . . . If in time your thoughts ever turn to me and the love I have always had for you, my arms are then open . . ."

A girl who recently went dancing with Aly at the Copacabana Palace in Rio (after the Prince's New Year's call to Rita) confessed to a friend, "Aly is still mad about Hayworth. I think she did exactly the right thing by leaving him. Now he wants her all the more, and he'll do anything to get her back, because not only love but his precious ego is involved."

In Hollywood, there are some who say that the only reason Rita is even entertaining the thought of a reconciliation is because she's so desperately unhappy at Columbia Studios.

A friend of hers recently told a reporter, "Rita feels that anything, even life with Aly Khan, is preferable to fighting constantly with her studio."

This is an exaggeration, of course. Rita fights with her studio not because she's imperious. She fights because she wants to make the best motion pictures possible.

The truth is that when she returned to Hollywood from Reno several months ago and announced her intention of going back to work, the studio had no script ready for her. Writers were put to work on several projects, and when 63 pages of a story entitled *Affair In Trinidad* were finished, they were sent to Rita. Simultaneously came the announcement that she would star in the film opposite Glenn Ford.

Rita refused to do the picture until she had read the entire script. This seemed eminently reasonable under the circumstances. After all, when you try for a comeback after three years absence you want to be sure you're not in a flop. Rita felt that she needed more than just 63 pages of script before she could make a decision. So the studio suspended her. Rita then said she would make the picture providing it was the last one she made at Columbia. (Her contract has four more years to run.) The studio told her to go fly a kite and kept her on suspension.

Glenn Ford then walked into Harry Cohn's office and explained that he didn't want to co-star in the film with Rita, mainly because he had received two attractive offers from Universal and MGM and had no idea when *Trinidad* would begin at Columbia.

Cohn told him to take it easy, that everything would work out.

A day later, Rita sent telegrams to all the members of the press inviting them to a conference so that she could explain her position about the film. That afternoon, the studio's legal department got in touch with her and suggested that she read her contract. This she did, and found a clause in fine print prohibiting her to hold press conferences about any studio product, whereupon Rita sent out another batch of wires cancelling her previous date.

The studio then announced that Rita would report to work opposite Glenn Ford in *Affair In Trinidad* almost immediately.

By the time you read this, *Affair In Trinidad* will be finished, and Rita once again will be making every possible attempt to get away from Columbia.

Hollywood cynics say that this is why she's interested in Charley Feldman, the 47-year-old head of Famous Artists, a talent agency. Feldman is a potent force in movie politics and conceivably might be able to talk Columbia into releasing her.

Hollywood romantics, on the other hand, point out that Rita is handled by the William Morris Agency, and that her relationship with Feldman has nothing to do with business, but everything to do with love.

I SAW IT HAPPEN



I was late for my appointment at the Bethesda Medical Center. I rushed down the hall, only to collide with another woman. Grabbing my arm, Rosalind Russell smiled, said, "Square your hat, sailor," and sent me on my way.

Mrs. J. G. Bumgarner
Albuquerque, New Mexico

"Charley," it has definitely been said, "is another of Rita's strange love problems. He's nuts about her—but would he marry her if she were free? He's had one disastrous marriage, and nowadays, he seems very much the bachelor."

Feldman is a millionaire who not only guides the careers of Kirk Douglas, Tyrone Power, Susan Hayward, Charles Boyer, Marlene Dietrich, George Raft, and dozens of others, but he also helps produce motion pictures. His share of the profits from *A Streetcar Named Desire* will probably hit two million.

He lives lavishly on a scale to which Rita became accustomed when she married Aly.

Rita says, "Charley Feldman and I are just old friends. Occasionally, we spend a little time together. But talk about romance is simply nonsense. I'm still a married woman."

This may be true but then again Aly Khan was a married man when he met and fell in love with her.

An acquaintance of Charley's says, "I really think he's fallen for Rita. After all, that isn't hard. She's really beautiful and since her marriage to Aly, she has a very fascinating background. In fact, I think Charley took off for Bermuda only to give himself a chance to look at things objectively."

Rita, of course, has been seen with a number of men around Hollywood including Cy Howard, Gilbert Roland, Benny Holtzman, Jackson Leighter, and others, but she insists that right now she is interested in her children and career.

To date, Rita's problems are: (a) Shall she take back Aly Khan? (b) Shall she obtain her divorce and give up all hope of obtaining a financial settlement for Yasmin? (c) Shall she start playing the field

with an idea towards future matrimony? (d) Shall she marry again and abandon her career? (e) Shall she forget men (they've caused her so much heartache in the past) and concentrate on her children and career?

These are pretty complex problems. Take the first one, for example. Suppose Aly Khan *should* turn up in Hollywood, and suppose he and Rita should reconcile, this means that Rita must pack up and move back to the Riviera. She would also have to relinquish her career or perhaps start a new one in Europe.

Rita likes Europe very much. She believes, in fact, that her two girls would be very well off in Swiss schools, but what she refuses to put up with is Aly Khan's European conduct. Around Monaco, Aly is recognized as a man who loves the gaming tables. Rita does not care for gambling in any form.

She is wise enough to know, too, that Aly is not going to change—not at his age. He has never worked for a living, and there is no reason to believe that he suddenly will start now.

Despite all this, she loves him. She risked her career for him before they were married and abandoned it afterwards.

Rita can have her reconciliation for the asking. All she has to do is pick up the phone, and in a matter of weeks she will be living once again at the Chateau de l'Horizon. She will be living in the lap of luxury, far away from Columbia Studios.

There is no chance whatever of Aly's becoming an American citizen, since the bulk of his father's fortune is tied up in sterling, and there is no way of transferring it into American dollars. This was once suggested as the solution to Rita's foremost problem but it is out of the question, since Aly would never give up any of his European estates.

If Rita goes through with her divorce and writes Aly off as husband number three and a bad bargain at that, she will probably get very little money for Yasmin.

When Rita married Aly, she promised to raise any offspring in the Moslem faith. She intends to keep her word, but rearing Yasmin as a Moslem is practically impossible in Hollywood.

There is also the question of visitation rights. Aly will undoubtedly want to spend some time with his little daughter. How much time will the court permit? Will Rita take Yasmin to France during the summers?

Rita has always felt bitter about Aly's refusal to settle $3,000,000 on Yasmin which, reputedly, is the amount he settled on each of his two sons by a previous marriage. Actually, Aly doesn't have that kind of money, and, as he told Rita, there is no danger that Yasmin will be disinherited. "Under Moslem law," he said, "a man cannot disinherit any of his heirs, nor can he give more to one son or daughter than to another. According to that law, whether I like it or not, Yasmin will inherit one-fifth of my property."

Rita is not particularly worried about Yasmin's inheritance; she's worried about her upbringing. Certainly, Aly Khan, divorced or not, should be partly responsible for that. Rita herself has never asked for alimony.

In all fairness to Aly, it should be said that he is not dodging any of his responsibilities. He's willing to pay for Yasmin's support. He simply doesn't want Yasmin's mother to leave him for good.

Aly is shrewd enough to realize that Rita may talk all she wants to about furthering her career, but love is always infinitely more important to her. If she divorces him, she will certainly remarry.

"Right now," Rita says, "I contemplate no change whatever in my status." All of which means that until she irrevocably casts the die, Aly Khan is still top man in Rita's life.

A reconciliation at this point would surprise absolutely no one. THE END

"I love you, chata!"

(*Continued from page 41*) air, we had no idea, but we took them and we clinked them together and said "Merry Christmas."

And later on, on the ground, we didn't speak of the things we had talked of on the plane, because we were friends. And then, believe it or not, I gave him a pink horse that was four feet long and three feet tall, so he could take it home to his wife. And the last I saw of him he was walking away with the horse under his arm, waving a Merry Christmas.

What happened on that airplane started in a very exotic setting. It was eight o'clock in the morning. The early plane from Mexico City to Acapulco was just coming in for a landing. From where I sat I could see the mountains that the pilot was swinging through, and when he banked to get into the field traffic pattern I caught sight of a patch of the bluest water I had ever seen. Then, with the flaps almost tucked under the giant wings, the ship shuddered softly into a landing, the door was opened, and the hot air of the tropics swept in.

To understand why anyone would go to Acapulco one must go there. The first sight is of a sea-scape that will never be adequately described. There are tall bending palms and a beach so white that the sands must be sifted and bleached by hand to attain such perfection. And all along the shore the breakers roll in, purple at the base and white on top, as even as teeth in a comb. The airport, at arrival or departure time, is alive with brown men in whites dashing about, even in the heat, at a hundred chores.

On the way to the city, which is a 20 minute drive from the airport, a visitor will see every photograph he's ever looked at in a travel bureau booklet on beautiful Mexico. There are the tiny burros, ridden by men twice their size, ambling down the roads, the sombrero'd riders twitching their flanks with twigs and dragging their feet on the ground. There are children, naked as nature, playing in the fields with strange looking dogs. There are the women with postures like Vogue models carrying tremendous bundles of wash, or tubs of water, or bound branches of wood on their heads. And along the roadsides there are houses that might have been built 500 years ago.

In the city of Acapulco it is much the same, except that the houses are closer together and the sidewalks are paved and there are peculiar foreign signs saying Coca-Cola and Chesterfield. But on the outskirts of the city there are magnificent luxury hotels.

I HAD been in my room in one of these hotels only a few minutes when the phone rang. It was a friend from Hollywood who had heard I was coming. He invited me to come over to breakfast at John Wayne's house. He said he'd send a driver.

Although we had both worked in Hollywood for 20 years, I had never met John Wayne. After I climbed the 50 steps to the veranda of his house, I got my first close-up look at him. He was seated at the head of a large table set for breakfast.

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Also at the table were a producer, a director and a business manager. After introductions I, too, sat down, but I felt like an interloper. The talk, during the meal, was inconsequential, no business—but I wasn't included very much. I had heard that Wayne was wary of reporters and although he was the soul of politeness, I wasn't sure he liked me there. We ate, by the way, bananas plucked from the trees that overhung the porch.

During that first day in Acapulco I spent a good deal of time with John Wayne and his pals. We sat at the beach under a cement canopy and dunked in the water of the lagoon regularly. We had cocktails on the terrace. This involved pulling coconuts from the trees (that also surrounded the house), chopping their heads off, stuffing them with ice—and a drop or two of rum—and sipping the milky liquid through straws. And I had dinner there also.

Dinner was a festive occasion. The house overlooked the sea on a cliff. The terrace was big and the other rooms had no doors, so the area was large and the 30 people who had been invited didn't crowd the place. The food was being served buffet style. There were tiny crisp-fried fish, miniature clams baked in rice, a variety of enchiladas, beef sautéed in a sauce that seemed to be made of cream and mustard and a dozen other things that a fat Mexican cook and her helper had spent the entire day preparing.

Everyone seemed to be having a good time but Wayne. A troupe of Mariachis walked among the guests strumming guitars and singing Mexican ballads. There was light laughter and banter and Carlos, the white-shirted, ever-smiling houseboy seemed to be having the time of his life taking care of everyone's needs. John Wayne was standing over at the far end of the terrace, his foot on a low guard rail, looking at the moon shimmering on the sea. He was dressed in whites and looked like something out of a Somerset Maugham novel, particularly in that setting.

Carlos came over and asked me if I'd like a cocktail. Although I'd made a pig of myself on the food, I said I would, when Wayne spoke.

"The man is a visitor, Carlos," he said. "Let's give him something to remember Mexico."

He came over, took me by the arm, and we followed the now delighted Carlos to the small bar.

"Vino del pais," Wayne said.

Carlos brought a basket of cut limes from beneath the bar, set down a shaker of salt and reached for a bottle.

"Vino what?" I asked.

"Vino del pais," said Wayne. "In English—the Wine of The Country. Tequila."

Carlos put the bottle of tequila on the mahogany bar and set a couple of glasses before it and stood there and grinned. Following Wayne's gestures, I picked up a small cut of lime in my left hand, sprinkled the area behind my thumb with salt and, with my right hand, picked up the glass of tequila.

"Your health," said Wayne. He sucked the lime, licked at the salt, threw the tequila into his mouth and sucked at the lime again. I sucked the lime, licked at the salt, tossed the tequila into my mouth—and spat it out as fast as I could.

Wayne and Carlos started to laugh. They held their sides and laughed at the stranger who tried to drink the Mexican national drink like a native. I got sore.

"Fill it up again, Carlos," I said.

He did. And he filled Wayne's glass. John held his up to me and we clicked them together.

"Salud y pesetas y tiempo para gastarlas!" he said. "That means health, wealth and the time to enjoy them."

"Slainte agas saogail agat!" I said. "That means Health and Life to you."

"What kind of language is that?" said Wayne.

"That's Irish," I said. And I licked the salt, sucked the lime, downed the tequila and licked the salt again. "I did it sort of backwards," I said, "but it takes an Irish toast to drink that kind of stuff."

Wayne laughed harder than before and Carlos followed suit, although he didn't completely understand. Then Wayne downed his drink. "Let's get something more to eat," he said.

I had eaten more than my share, but I went with him.

DURING the next few days we saw a good deal of each other. Any reserve that had been there at the beginning was gone. We had a lot of fun. We visited the swimming beaches and the boating beaches. We lunched and dined together. One night we did the town together and closed it—and that's hard in Acapulco.

Wherever he went in Acapulco, John Wayne was a celebrity. Not because he was a movie star, but because he was the biggest, lustiest, handsomest man in Mexico. His free and easy manner with the natives made him a hero with them. They liked the way he smiled, and the way he conducted himself like a guest in their country, rather than a rich American spending his money. He was the most popular man in Acapulco—and I was his strongest adherent.

We never talked much about John Wayne until one night when we were having dinner at La Perla, Acapulco's most famous night club and, as far as those who have traveled the world are concerned, the most beautiful in existence. It is carved out of the solid cliff in steps, narrow terraces that are semi-circular, because it lies at the head of a narrow gorge facing the sea. We had eaten and were sitting quietly indulging in the breeze that funnelled up the spout between the cliffs. Some people from Memphis at the next table asked Wayne to come over and have his picture taken with them. He did.

When he got back I asked him how he had ever gotten into pictures.

"I don't know," he said. "I guess I was lucky and a few people believed in me. On my own I'd probably have been a plumber."

"But you like it," I said.

"I make a living having my picture taken," he said. "It's a way to make a living."

"What are you doing down here?" I asked.

He looked at me sharply. "I'm vacationing," he said.

I wanted to ask, "Alone?" but I didn't. Instead, we spoke of other things. We talked about how he had gotten his first break in pictures. How much he owed to John Ford, and how much he loved and respected him. We talked about cows and people and cameramen. We talked about everything but John Wayne and Chata and why he was alone in Mexico just before Christmas.

There was nothing he could have told me about his wife. I knew, from living in Hollywood and reading the papers, all there was to know. She was a beautiful woman, young and talented and vivacious. She was half Mexican and half French. She was a spunky girl who might, by some people, be called temperamental—and I knew that John Wayne had married her because he was in love with her—and he did nothing, including loving, by half measures.

He had named her Chata because of her

pug nose and because that was Mexican for pug nose. They lived in a house in the San Fernando Valley that was a man's house, filled with guns and saddles and the things a man likes to have around. They were a volatile couple, but there had never been a hint of serious trouble in their home. But why was he in Mexico alone just before Christmas?

The next day we didn't talk about anything but Ireland. Wayne had just come back. He had been making *The Quiet Man* there with John Ford directing. He told me how much he liked the Irish people—and how very much they were like the stories he had read of them. We never mentioned Chata.

When it came time to leave it was a sad parting, but a gala occasion. Like the guy who cries when he sees the shadow of beeeeeautiful Hawaii fading into the horizon, I had a lump in my throat. Many of the friends I had met in Acapulco came to see me off, and John Wayne, in shorts and a gay shirt was with them. We shook hands.

"You're a crazy sonovagun," he said. "I'll tell you what. Forget about me. I'll write a story about you."

"That's a deal," I said. "See you when you get back home."

I boarded the plane and once again looked out the window as the pilot slithered through the mountains to a height that would take us away from the tropics. And then Acapulco was gone.

The airlines, because of the pre-holiday traffic, were jammed, so it was necessary for me to stay in Mexico City for two days. That got me out on Christmas Eve.

THE night before I was to leave, I toured the city, in the midst of the Christmas gaiety. The Mexicans enjoy Christmas. They celebrate it at parties called Pasadas, which are held for a week preceding the holiday. And there is one fixture at these parties that represents something very much like our Christmas tree. It is called a Pinata. It is designed in the form of a duck, a horse, an elephant or some other animal. It is made of paper, but the center is a clay bowl. The Pinata is attached to a strong rope. It is pulled to the ceiling and a guest at the party is blindfolded and given a large stick, about the size of a baseball bat. He is then turned loose and told to hit the Pinata and break the clay bowl, which contains gifts and treats for everyone. While the boy or girl is swatting at the Pinata, it is pulled to the ceiling by the rope, firecrackers are set off at his feet, and everyone has a high old time laughing at the antics of the stick-swinger who whacks the air as the Pinata is lowered and raised out of his reach by the rope.

That night before I went to bed I bought a Pinata to take home. It was a pink horse, made of paper with a clay pot in the middle. When I showed up at the Mexico City airport the next afternoon they thought it was very odd, but the customs passed me, because they thought I was a crazy American.

I had ten minutes before plane time so I went into the coffee shop at the airport to wait. I had just ordered when the door flew open and in walked John Wayne.

"I thought about it," he said, "and I figured you'd never make it alone, so I decided to come along with you."

We sat and grinned at each other and when our plane was called we boarded it we took seats side by side and fastened our safety belts.

We had been in the air an hour, maybe, before we spoke.

"Why did you really catch this plane?" I asked him.

"I want to spend Christmas with my wife," he said.

"Trouble?" I asked.

"You know it," he said.

"Yeah—I know it," I said.

"Thanks for not asking me about it in Acapulco," he said.

"I couldn't get it out," I said. "I should have, you know."

"I know," he said. "That's why I said thanks."

"I hope it works out okay," I said. "I hope you both work it out—maybe tomorrow, Christmas."

"So do I," he said. And then, for the first time I've ever heard them said by an actor without a camera, I heard John Wayne say three words. Three famous words that are seldom spoken with the proper feeling in Hollywood. "I love her," he said.

And then the pretty little Mexican hostess came by with the cocktails on the tiny silver tray and John Wayne and I touched glasses and said, "Merry Christmas."

"Look," I said. "Back in the tail of this plane I've got a Pinata—a pink horse Pinata—it's four feet long and three feet high, and I guarantee you no girl in California will have such a Christmas present tomorrow. Take it home to her. And another thing, you talk too much."

The last I saw of him he was walking across the airfield with the pink horse under his arm.

THE END

how betty grable lives

(*Continued from page 45*) and Jessica. "Those two little sisters of yours sure are pretty."

The trespassers packed up their basket and blanket and piled into their station wagon. As they pulled away, Betty heard one of the teen-agers say, "The older girl in the middle looks awfully familiar, Ma. I suppose we've seen her in the movies?"

At dinner that evening Harry James heard three versions of the visiting pickers. Vicki said it was she who had discovered the intruders, and Jessie's tale revolved around how she planned to treat the very next stranger who set foot on James' land. "I'll get my gun, Daddy," she vowed, "and shoot those varmints dead."

Harry looked at Betty.

"Television," Betty said. "All her dialogue comes straight from television."

Harry smiled. "What I'm wondering," he said, "is how come people mistake our place for Griffith Park?"

"The truth is," Betty pointed out, "that it does look like a park, and just as inviting, too. Maybe it shouldn't look so inviting."

Harry thought for a minute. "I guess we'll have to change the landscaping, honey. No fooling."

THE Harry James' house is a quarter of a century old, and its landscaping—until Harry decided to change it—resembled a golf course, for this was considered fashionable 25 years ago. Nowadays, the trend is towards informal privacy.

Since it was Harry who had bought the house and re-modeled it from the inside, Betty thought it only fitting that he do a complete job and remodel the outside.

"When Betty agreed with me that we needed some new landscaping," Harry explains, "the first thing I did was clear out our formal Italian garden. It had a lot of chipped statuary, and it gave me the

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creeps. Instead of the garden, I built a pool and a brick terrace. Then, I removed the old-fashioned wooden benches that encircled some of the trees. I think those benches are why people used to mistake the place for a public park.

"When I got those down, I ordered some playground equipment for the girls and then put up a fence so that now anyone with half an eye can tell that this is a home and not a community project."

When you walk through the James' house, it's hard to believe that it once belonged to someone else. It so reflects the owners' taste that you imagine it was built on their order from the ground up.

Actually, it was Harry who found the house originally. Betty was working on *Meet Me After The Show* when a real estate agent phoned and asked Harry if he might be in the mood for a little house-hunting.

"Okay," Harry said, "I'll give it a try." That afternoon he plodded through an old 12-room house at the foot of the Hollywood Hills. The place seemed gloomy to him but he liked the wonderful oak panelling, the size of the rooms, and best of all, the price.

At dinner that night—all serious talks in the James family are conducted at the dinner table—Betty asked Harry for his report. "I saw a place this afternoon," Harry began, "that has the makings of a pretty nice estate. It's not at all like the modern jobs we've been looking at, but I think you really ought to take a look."

Betty took a look. "And my first impression," she recalls, "was that the place was a real horror. The outside of the house was painted dirty white over brick. There was a stained-glass skylight in the hall that gave the entrance a kind of Boris Karloff quality. The bathrooms were done in black. No kidding, with a ghastly touch of pink and orchid. There were seven fireplaces in the joint, but five were boarded up, and the two that were working had black marble fronts and rococco mantels. It looked a lot like Gloria Swanson's mansion in *Sunset Boulevard*. And yet, it was a well-built house, with good lines and a sound structure, and as Harry says, the price was right, so right that we bought it."

As soon as this piece of real estate passed into their hands, Betty and Harry called on their old reliable interior decorator, Paul Granard. Twice before, Paul had helped them furnish homes, and he knew all their quirks and preferences.

He knew that Betty prefers ottomans to easy chairs, red to any other color. He knew Harry's predilection for lots of clothes and closet space enough to hang them. He knew, too, that the entire James family loved horses and horsey objects. "And I knew most of all," he says, "that they liked to face a challenge. In redoing this house, they were certainly facing one."

FORTUNATELY, Betty and Harry are both extremely systematic. They organize well, and they know how to execute plans. They started their remodeling in orderly fashion. First project was the front hall.

Here, they knocked out the stained glass skylight and substituted frosted glass. They put in two large windows overlooking the backyard. The effect of these two simple changes was to flood the foyer with sunlight which brought out the rich wood tones of the old English panelling.

In the way of furniture, Paul Granard came up with a green leather bench, a hall mirror, and a matching leather-topped table. "That's all the furniture you need here," Granard said, and Betty agreed. Granard, however, has a habit of giving each of his clients a special little gift when his decorating job is finished. While Betty was working at the studio one day, he planted a double student lamp on the hall table. The lamp has one white and one red glass shade.

When it came to furnishing her new living room, Betty really had a job, because the room is so very large. Using normal size furniture, the room would have held so many pieces it would have resembled a hotel lobby. Realizing this, Betty asked Paul to design three over-scale couches and a coffee table eight feet square. This simple arrangement provides a lot of seating space.

Betty is a pretty utilitarian-minded girl, and she felt strongly that the living room should be used. Why not make it the television room? she asked herself. Next day she had Paul install the family television set in a natural wood cabinet and place the cabinet in the living room. Now as many as 50 or 60 people can gather there comfortably without feeling lost.

The Harry James' library, as you might expect, is not only for books, but is stacked with record albums and horse trophies. The two largest trophies were won by Betty's famous two-year-old "Big Noise." Betty and Harry bred and raised the colt on their ranch. Already he's won $60,000 for his owners.

The library's beauty stems from the contrast of bright modern fabrics and dark antique woodwork. Betty used as much of her favorite red in this room as Harry would stand. She ordered more ottomans than chairs, and when Harry suggested that she turn an under-the-stairs closet into a modest but adequate bar, she kissed him on the cheek and said, "Darling, you're really a frustrated decorator."

It was Betty, though, who pulled off a decorating coup in the dining room. "Let's have three tables in the dining room instead of one," she said. As a result, the two tavern tables along the walls and an English hunt table in front of the fireplace, can be easily combined to form a large horse-shoe table for very large dinners. Other times, Betty arranges a buffet supper on the hunt table, and the guests serve themselves and then sit down at the long tavern tables.

The color scheme in the room is again predominantly red with shades of green and white, and the scenic wall paper is actually a hand-blocked linen showing Derby Day at Churchill Downs.

Betty intended to have the bedroom done in red, too, but Harry put his foot down, so she compromised on raspberry. Paul Granard camouflaged the bed with a tailored spread and a dozen assorted pillows. Harry's first reaction to the pillows was that they looked like lollypops without sticks. "But if Betty's happy," he says, "that's all that counts."

And to make Harry happy, Betty had the attic converted into a dressing-room-study for him. Harry is up half the night when he's working, and during the day he likes a secluded corner of his own. The attic was his answer.

When she runs out of adjectives describing the beauty of her new home, Betty falls back on the essential rightness of the house for her type of family. She points out that it's only a step through her dressing room to the children's room. On work-day mornings, Betty slips quietly out of bed, showers, steps into her slacks, and leaves by way of the girls' room. This way she can take a loving look back at her sleeping daughters.

"Since we've been married," Betty says, "Harry and I have lived in three different houses. This one is the best, and because it is, it will probably be our last."

THE END

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